

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 14, 1969 50 CENTS

BASEBALL '69



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This bothers us.

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That's how we feel.

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And & Electronics is more than just telephones.

It's companies like Sylvania who are too busy making color television sets and flashcubes to worry about wrong numbers.

All told, we're more than 60 companies who make about 20,000 different products.

We're telling you all this for a reason.

If you buy one of our products and like it, you might like to buy something else of ours.

The only way to know if it's ours, is to remember our full name.

And not to forget who Who? is.

General Telephone & Electronics

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Next week

THE MASTERS used to be owned by Arnie and Jack, but in the past two years each has missed the cut once. Dan Jenkins is on hand to see if they do better—and if not, who does.

MYSTERY AUTHOR Ross MacDonald writes with passion about a different kind of killer, the oil slick that sweeps Santa Barbara's beaches—and caused people's minds.

ENGLAND IS RIOTING over soccer. Why? Wilfred Sheed offers a penetrating explanation of the hooliganism that has become an integral part of Britain's favorite sport.



It started out as a simple peanut.

Like most products or ideas, peanuts started out plain and simple. And in most cases they would have remained that way but for the lively competition of nationally advertised brand names. The kind of competition that's turned the peanut into all the things it is today.

Brand names are what manufacturers call their products. You see them on every package. These

product names compete with one another. Try to offer more. More variety. Satisfaction. Consistent quality. Value. And they let you know about it through advertising. Let you know the facts. And if they don't live up to what they say they don't have their names for very long.

When brand names compete, products get better. Ever notice?

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Tom and Mary Ellen Scott of Hilton Head Island, S.C., didn't hit 'em all straight this weekend. But hope springs eternal.

Know how many Tom and Mary Ellen Scotts buy The Digest every month?

Not 25%. Not 30%. But a full 47% of the over 2 million families holding country club memberships buy Reader's Digest every month. That's 17.6% more than buy any other magazine. Among people who buy The Digest every month, you'll also find more three car families, more big time travelers, more families who spend \$45-a-week and up in the supermarket. And they make a very nice market, indeed. For just about anything you have to sell. Whether it's a holiday in the Grand Tetons. Or a luxury car in the local showroom. It's just what you'd expect from the magazine whose spirit is variety and fun and wisdom and information and inspiration. That's why, month after month, it travels in the very biggest—and very best—of circles.

P.S. We don't like to admit it, but Tom and Mary Ellen would rather play golf than read The Digest. But night must fall! "By the end of the month," Tom reports, "our Digest is the most dog eared, clipped and thoroughly read magazine in our home."

Copies bought:
Reader's Digest 17,000,000
Life 8,500,000
Look 7,750,000

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Digest**
WORLD'S BEST SELLER

WHAT DOES A FATHER SAY TO HIS SON BEFORE HIS FIRST GAME?

This is your first game, son.
I hope you win.
I hope you win for your sake
not mine.
Because winning's nice.
It's a good feeling.
Like the whole world
is yours.
But it passes, this feeling.
And what lasts is what
you've learned.

And what you learn about
is life.
That's what sports is all about.
Life.
The whole thing is played out
in an afternoon.
The happiness of life.
The miseries.
The joys.
The heartbreaks.

There's no telling
what'll turn up.
There's no telling
whether they'll toss you
out in the first five minutes
or whether you'll stay for
the long haul.

There's no telling how
you'll do.
You might be a hero
or you might be
absolutely nothing.
There's just no telling.
Too much depends on chance.
On how the ball bounces.

I'm not talking about the
game, son.
I'm talking about life.
But it's life that the game
is all about.
Just as I said.

Because every game is
life.
And life is a game.
A serious one.
Dead serious.

But that's what you do
with serious things.
You do your best.
You take what comes.
You take what comes
and you run with it.

Winning is fun.
Sure.
But winning is not
the point.

Wanting to win is the
point.
Not giving up is the
point.
Never being satisfied
with what you've done
is the point.
Never letting up
is the point.
Never letting anyone down
is the point.

Play to win.
Sure.
But lose like
a champion.
Because it's not winning
that counts.
What counts is
trying.

Wilson®
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EVERYTHING
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BUT THE
ENCOURAGEMENT



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1. Buy her a bubble gum machine.



2. Ask her out for New Year's Eve in June.



3. Let her help you pick your ties.



4. Lend her your scuba watch.



5. Dance "The Zebra" before she does.



6. Let her do the talking (once in a while.)

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ask
an
owner

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Sgt. William H. White, Air Force mechanic, Dover, Del. "I looked at four or five of the leading brands and this Bolens 770 tractor beat them all. There was no comparison for the machine that had to do a tough job. The Bolens was the best built and the best engineered of them all, and I have never been sorry on my selection."



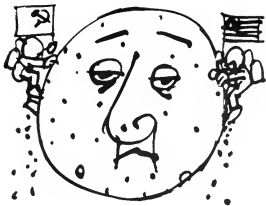
Mr. Jerry Nellenback, Lake City, Florida. "I needed a tractor because I have a two acre lawn to mow. I looked over several makes and models before deciding on Bolens 1030. The performance has been everything the dealer said it would be. I wouldn't hesitate to recommend it to my neighbors. And, by the way, I've cut 10 hours mowing time in half."



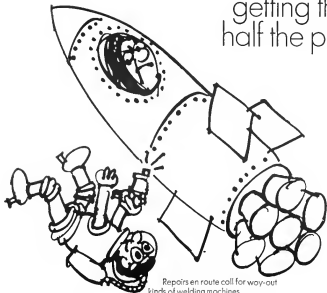
BOLENS

BOLENS DIVISION FMC CORPORATION DEPT. C33-060, PORT WASHINGTON, N.Y.

Propelling our men there first is one challenge. Another will be to make space engines so efficient that moon trips become commonplace.

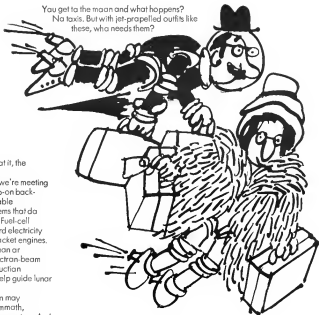


The Moon:
getting there is
half the problem.



Repairs en route call for way-out
kinds of welding machines.
And on-board power sources to run them.

You get to the moon and what happens?
No taxis. But with jet-propelled outfits like
these, who needs them?



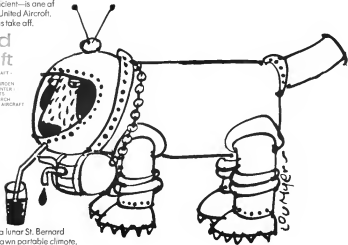
Any way you look at it, the
moon's a challenge.

At United Aircraft, we're meeting
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the same for spaceships. Fuel-cell
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Tiny rockets that help a man or
spaceship maneuver. Electron beam
welders for space construction
projects. Electronics to help guide lunar
spacecraft.

Someday, the moon may
be a way station in a mammoth,
earth-based transportation system. And
helping to build this ideal system—
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space, even a lunar St. Bernard
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Shape up with new Instant Nutrament



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D102876



D102504



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SCORECARD

NEW PITCH FOR NEWK

Don Newcombe, the old Dodger pitcher who received the Cy Young Award after winning 27 games in 1956, is working in California, primarily in the field of finding and developing jobs and businesses in ghetto areas. One of Newcombe's fringe duties is giving away money that is supplied by an unidentified rich man.

"He is a big oilman," says Newcombe. "He is white and he lives in Bel Air. He asked me never to use his name. In two years he has given me \$150,000 to distribute in places like Watts. For instance, he gave \$30,000 to a Catholic school in Watts for scholarships, so that more kids could get in the school. He had lights put in the Oakwood Recreation Center in Venice so that black and Mexican-American kids could play baseball and other games at night. That cost about \$8,000."

Newcombe met his rich man while working for the Opportunities Industrialization Center in Watts. Don was selling tickets to a \$100-a-plate benefit dinner, and the man took \$5,000 worth. Later, Newcombe says, "I was in his office one day and he said to me, 'Here I am, up in my building, out of contact with what's going on out there. I want you to tell me what is needed, and I'll give you the money to get it done.'"

"When I go out in the streets and hear kids talking about how you have to hate the white man, I try to explain to them what this white man has done. Some of them say, 'Yeah, but that's just one white man,' but I tell them I'm just one man, too. Maybe there are others who want to help, like my man, and I just don't know about them."

ONE MORE

Ed Macauley, sports director of KTVI in St. Louis, was an All-America basketball player with St. Louis University when it won the National Invitation Tournament in 1948 and later a pro star with the Boston Celtics and the St. Lou-

is Hawks. For the past 15 years he has been running basketball clinics for privileged children, charging \$100 for a series of lessons in the art of basketball. One of his former students is Bill Bradley, the Princeton star who is now a key member of the New York Knicks.

Three years ago Macauley decided that what he could charge middle-class white kids \$100 for he could contribute free to poor black kids. His first such clinic was at the Pruitt-Igoue Housing Project in St. Louis. Macauley announced that it would start at 9 a.m. on a certain day and rounded up Bradley, Len Wilkens, Zelmo Beaty and a few others to help run it. They all got to the housing project early, swept up broken glass and bits of junk from an outdoor court and waited for their students. By 9 only two kids had appeared.

"That millionaire," says Macauley, "sits in his tower and tells Don Newcombe, 'You know what's going on out there—I don't.' Well, very few of us know what's going on out there. That day of the first clinic, when 9 o'clock came and there were only two kids, I was really disappointed. I had gotten the players to come out and all, and I was disappointed. I asked a neighborhood press who was there, 'Where are they?' He said, 'They'll be here.' I said, 'What do you mean? It's 9 o'clock. Where are they?' The priest said, 'You forget that 90% of the kids in this neighborhood don't have clocks in their homes. They go to sleep when they're tired, and they get out of bed when they wake up, and they eat when they're hungry—if they have something to eat. Don't worry. They'll be here.'"

"Sure enough, by 9:30 there were about 10 kids, and by 10 o'clock there were 30. We got things going, and I went over to the priest. I said, 'Now I know.' He said, 'Now you know part of it. The other part is they don't trust you.'"

"I said, 'What do you mean, they don't trust me? I haven't done anything

to these kids to make them distrust me.' The priest said, 'No, but all the other white men they've ever met have.'"

And that is why Ed Macauley continues to present his clinics every summer.

BABS RISEN

A unique controversy developed recently in Pendine, a small seacoast town in Wales whose sandy beaches were once famed as a speed course for automobiles. In 1927 Jeffrey Parry Thomas was killed at Pendine when his 12-cylinder 500-hp chain-driven car, which he called Babs, crashed at 170 mph, only a year after he had driven it to a new world record of 174.02 mph. Parry Thomas' body was duly buried in Surrey, near London, but in an odd ritual his battered auto was dragged along the beach to the spot where the ill-fated speed trial had begun and there buried solemnly in the sands, as children with flowers and adults with heads bared watched.

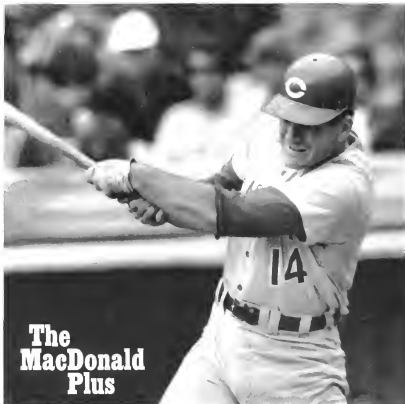
A Welshman named Owen Wyn Owen proposed this year that he dig up the an-



cient racer, restore it and put it on public exhibition. The townspeople were sharply divided in their reaction to this proposal. As the Rev. David Jenkins, rector of Pendine, explained: "The older people feel very emotional about this. The grave holds more than a car. It contains all the memories that made Pendine a great center of speed. To many it is a shrine."

A petition that was circulated in Pendine against exhumation of the car gained 63 signatures, but it was doomed to failure. Another petition, this one in

continued



PETE ROSE, 1968 National League batting champion

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The pay-off is on performance

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Cars are hard.
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Dirt hurts.

If you're going to ride a motorcycle,
ride it right.

Take riding lessons.
Practice.

Wear the right clothes.
Obey the laws.

Want to stunt around?
Join the circus.

Ride a safe motorcycle.
And the next time you start daydreaming,
pinch yourself.

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INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

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SCORECARD *Continued*

favor of the plan, got 113 signatures. The battered old car was duly exhumed. Though it was badly rotted, Wyn Owen said he was convinced it could be restored. "It is even possible we might get it to run again," he added.

CALUMET VS. KENTUCKY

A signal protest against the way the state of Kentucky has handled the Kentucky Derby scandal has been registered by Calumet Farm's Mrs. Gene Markey, whose renowned stable has won seven Derbies—eight if you count last year's. But can you count last year's? Calumet's Forward Pass finished second to Dancer's Image, who was sort of disqualified, but not really. Dancer's Image won in the pari-mutuel betting, lost in the purse distribution (though that is still in the courts) and finished in a dead heat with Forward Pass on the Churchill Downs sign that lists past Derby winners.

The confusion was caused by a carelessly written rule and an equivocating racing commission. Mrs. Markey, who feels that if Dancer's Image did not win then her horse did, had warned that she would not race her horses in the state unless the rule was clarified. The commission, letting bluegrass grow under its feet, took until March 10 to change the rule, 10 months after the disputed Derby and more than three weeks after nominations for the 1969 Derby had closed. Calumet therefore nominated nothing for the Derby, nothing for the Kentucky Oaks, nothing for any Kentucky race.

Mrs. Markey said, "We are not racing in Kentucky this spring because they did not change the rule in time for us to nominate horses to the stakes and make plans to race there. We have made plans to race elsewhere."

And Kentucky racing gets another black eye.

CHIC FENCE

The Eugene (Ore.) Emeralds, a new franchise in the reorganized Pacific Coast League, have been having their troubles getting everything ready for the forthcoming season, but the latest snag left them with a singular distinction: the Emeralds may have the only ball park in Organized Baseball with draperies in the outfield.

Advertising signs on the left-field fence can be seen from homes near the ball park, and because this is a violation of the community's strict sign ordinances

Continued



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We make them happy.**





**“I’d rather have a little
Old Taylor than a lot of
anything else.”**

the Eugene Planning Commission feels the signs should be covered when the team is not at home. Harassed General Manager Hugh Luby, who did not have these problems when he played for the Athletics and the Giants, guessed that curtains or draperies would be the best way to hide the offending signs. He did not say what the color scheme would be, and nobody had the courage to ask him if there would be ruffles.

LIBERATED ISLAND

For more than a year, irate residents of Westport, Conn., laid siege to Cockenoe Island, a half mile offshore in Long Island Sound. Previously, Cockenoe had seemed hardly worth thinking about. To those who were accustomed to seeing it, the island—27 wild acres of stones, sand and scrub—had been there always, unchanged, and would so remain.

Then progress sailed in. The island was quietly purchased by the United Illuminating Company, which had plans for building a nuclear plant on the site. This aroused and unified the Westport citizenry as it had not been since the British landed on the town beach during the Revolutionary War. Petitions were signed, committees were formed, bumper stickers and buttons were displayed and the town paper, *The Westport News*, campaigned with a long series of articles and editorials damning the project. The people of Westport offered to buy the island in order to keep it in its wild state, but United Illuminating was reluctant to give it up. Last week, however, faced with the threat of two forthcoming bills in the Connecticut state legislature which, if passed, would have given the town the right of eminent domain over the island, the power people relented and agreed to sell. The proposed price is \$200,000, which is \$50,000 more than UI paid for it and \$125,000 more than the town might have bought it for in 1964.

Moral hindsight may not be better than foresight, but anything is better than looking at a nuclear plant in your front yard.

OFF-GAIT

After decades of inexcusable inaction, the men who run harness racing in this country got together last spring and set up a nationwide security organization. To head it they hired the best man available, John Brennan, who for many years

continued



Jackie Pung invites you to swing away on our trans-Pacific third



At Mauna Kea, a 75-yard cove of the surging Pacific makes a hazard that is a hazard. And a satisfaction that is a satisfaction when you hit the green on our famous over-ocean Third. Let Jackie Pung, one of our Hawaiian Pros, show you all the strategic points of our 18-hole 2016-yard championship layout. It's one of Robert Trent Jones's most beautiful courses, with spectacular views as you play alongside our scenic coastline. The velvety fairways are built on a base of crushed lava rock.

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SPECIAL GOLF PACKAGE: 5 days, 4 nights, ocean view room, all greens fees, breakfast and dinner daily. \$150 per person double occupancy. \$240 single (May 15 to Dec. 1). Golf carts and rental clubs available. Airlines offer special fares for golf clubs from the mainland. For reservations, see your travel agent or our Representatives in the East: Resort Representation Service, Inc., New York, Chicago, in the West, Glen W. Jacobs, Inc., Los Angeles, Seattle, Dallas, San Francisco.



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The Sears Silent Guard Sealant Tire is priced from \$38.92 to \$57.37. Depending on your tire size. Including Federal Excise Tax. And at Sears you never haggle about price.

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Nail punctures (measured at no charge) If not with original tread fails from road hazards or defects we will exchange it for a new one at no charge during the first 20 months, charging only for tread wear after this period. Charge will be pro-rata share of this current regular selling price plus F.E.T. If original tread wears off before 40 months we will exchange the tire for a new one charging main current regular selling price plus F.E.T. less 30%.

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Tim McCarver, star catcher for the perennial-winning St. Louis Cardinals, uses Dep for Men.

Tim McCarver goes to a hairstylist. Gonna start a rhubarb, are you?

Good luck! Tim defends hairstyling like he does home plate. And once you've seen the amazing things a stylist can do for your appearance, you'll know why. He can make you look taller or shorter or fatter or skinnier. Whatever you'd like. In Tim's case it was the square-jawed look that needed rounding. The stylist had a little help, though. From now Dep for Men Hairstyling Creme — the only hairstyling product that looks like a cream, feels like a cream, but styles like a gel. And Dep for Men Hair Spray — the one that holds a style neatly in place all day. Also from Dep for Men: Regular and dry hair formula Hardness Styling Gels, and new super-holding formula hair spray.



Dep for men—the hairstyling products

SCORECARD *continued*

had been doing the same job for the Thoroughbreds as chief assistant to Spencer Drayton and who, like Drayton, was a veteran FBI agent. The announcements made it appear that trotting, at last, was being properly policed.

That is hardly the case. Today, a year later, nearly half the tracks in the U.S. still refuse to join Harness Tracks Security Inc., including such major venues as Yonkers Raceway, Pompano Park, Wolverene and Rockingham. Even the president of the U.S. Trotting Association, Walter Michael, has withheld his support and that of the three racing associations he controls.

There are two basic reasons for this foot dragging. First is a reluctance on the part of some track owners to allow an independent organization (the only kind that can do the job) to handle security on their premises. Second is the mishmash of personality conflicts that has long made the management sector of the sport a jungle of acrimony. As a result, the betting public is not receiving the protection it deserves, and neither are the honest participants in trotting.

THE HARD WAY

Dr. J. L. Farace of Bangor, Pa. had a fairly memorable hole in one in three a few weeks ago at Robbers' Roost Golf Club in Myrtle Beach, S.C. The doctor put his first shot in the water, took a penalty stroke, teed up a new ball and was shooting three. This time he hit the water again, but at a slightly more advantageous angle. The ball skipped across the surface like a flat rock, climbed a high bank on the other side to the edge of the green, where, as though it had eyes, it rolled 50 feet to the cup and dropped in. It was, as the doctor would be first to admit, a tough par.

THEY SAID IT

• Paul Richards, Atlanta Braves vice-president, on baseball writers: "The new, young breed of writers are looking for social significance. They dwell too much on whether a player is getting along with a manager or how happy he is at home. They ought to be writing for the gossip columns, not the baseball fans."

• Diane Crump, girl jockey, when asked if she wore makeup: "Who needs it? You muck a few stables, gallop 10 or 12 horses, and if that doesn't put color in your cheeks, nothing will."

END



(A tragic tale from the *MONEY* folio in one act, one scene)

MONEY MAN: Mr. Caesar, I can give you XXX or XL reasons why a *MONEY* policy makes good sense.

CAESAR: XXX or XL? I've barely time to listen to one, what with these commentaries I'm writing. How does this grab you for an opening sentence? *Omnis Gallia in partes tres divisa est.*

MONEY MAN: Rather racy, sir, but excellent. Now let me give you that reason. Your own soothsayers predict that, because of the extreme worth of *MONEY* policies, five Presidents of the United States will hold them. (Ed.

Note: The soothsayers, as always, were 100% correct.)

CAESAR: "*MONEY*—the policy of great leaders"—if I may suggest an advertising slogan. A most convincing argument, my friend. But you'll have to give me some time to think it over. See me after the Ides of March.

Ed. Note: As is known to one and all, the fater—with a sharp arast from Brutus, Cassius & Co.—decreed that the Ides of March would be too late. Caesar, alas, like so many of us when it comes to life and health insurance, was a delayer. Et tu, miter?

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from *MONEY*.

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and leaves the creativity to you.*



Whether it's a record of your once-in-a-lifetime trip, pictures of favorite outdoor activities, or simply random—but irreplaceable—shots of the kids growing up, the computer camera lets you make professional-quality pictures without fuss or bother. Its real name is the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic, and it's so good, it's America's best-selling fine camera.

Much of the Spotmatic's success is due to its uncannily precise full-format through-the-lens exposure control. As coolly functional as a computer, it assures you properly exposed pictures under just about any lighting condition you'll ever encounter. Instead of fiddling with dials, you're free to concentrate on your picture. And that's what it's all about, isn't it?

Lightweight, compact, and magnificently built to give you a lifetime of satisfaction, this superb 35mm single-lens reflex costs about \$290 with a fine 50mm 1/1.4 lens, depending upon accessories; other Honeywell Pentax cameras are priced from about \$150. See the Spotmatic soon at your dealer's, or mail the coupon for free literature.

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Living-Cost Rise

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Sharpest C
In Eight

Tax Collector's Best Friend — Inflation

March Index In

Egg Prices to Climb Even Higher;
Living Costs, Unemployment Cite

State Income

Is your dollar shrinking to about the size of a Volkswagen?

COMEBACKS ALL OVER

After a decade of glory, the Boston veterans were the poorest qualifiers in the Eastern Division playoffs, but they draw strength from a proud tradition and won the right to meet New York in the semifinal round **by FRANK DEFORD**

The experts were surprised last week when the annual Spring Offensive began on schedule. After all, the troops from the North had suffered their worst reverses in years last winter, and all reports indicated that the giant, bearded old leader was no longer capable of rallying his forces. Particularly upsetting to the stalwarts of the South was the fact that the Spring Offensive against them began as successfully as always even though they had increased their numbers in uniform by 17% this year, on top of a 20% increment last year. Moreover, while assurances had been given that infiltration had been halted, the bearded old one and his cigar-smoking chief personnel officer had once again recruited a veteran defector to lead the guerrilla action that was so vital in their early hit-and-run victories. Not only that, but as the conflict escalated into the next round of engagements, stunned observers had to admit that it was the men of the North who were deepest in reserves and best prepared for a protracted siege.

Decoding this captured document, it appears that Bill Russell and his Boston Celtics are up to their perennial playoff antics. Despite a desultory fourth-place finish, they whipped runner-up Philadelphia 4-1 in the first round, and moved into the semifinals of the NBA playoffs against New York, which pasted division champion Baltimore in four straight.

Boston is supposed to be too old. This

is a recording. Boston is supposed to be too old. This is a recording. The Celtics' eight regulars average over 30 years of age and, besides, Boston is not supposed to have eight regulars. Expansion drafts in the last two years were guaranteed to deplete the Celtic roster, but Boston came into the playoffs deeper than any other team. In addition, the Celtic fast break—when there was one—was being run by Emmette Bryant, who played for the Knicks last year.

If the Celtics bear a resemblance to the Viet Cong, the Knicks are reminiscent of those few surviving Legionnaires in *Boa Geste* who ran around the fort firing the guns still held by their fallen comrades. The Knicks only seem to come on in waves; in fact, they have only five, a minimum number, of regulars. The sixth man is a rookie named Mike Riordan, who has the map of Ireland on his face and a shillelagh in either hand. His job is to mug the first man who crosses the midcourt line with the ball. The rest of the bench is composed of three seldom-used subs who enter the lineup periodically and hold a finger in the dike. Old Drexel and bulls will remember the Knicks as the Firehouse Five Plus Who.

The bench could give the Knicks only two points in the opening game against Boston, so the Spring Offensive rolled right on through Madison Square Garden 106-100 without so much as an Easter ceasefire. Though the tempo was often deliberate, the Knicks appeared tired at

the end, for the first time in the playoffs. Bryant and John Havlicek took the Celtics on just enough bursts to keep New York off balance, and it really was not close except that the Knicks outscored Boston 26-11 during two stretches when ex-Knick Bryant was resting. He had 13 points, eight assists and 11 rebounds, as the Celtic forwards boxed out well.

In winning the opener Boston helped expose as nonsense any talk of a home-court advantage in this kind of series. The four teams that made the Eastern playoffs all are part of megalopolis, and the squads do not so much travel as commute to each city. Counting the San Francisco-Los Angeles series, where the same shuttle geography was involved, visiting teams won 11 of 15 first-round games. Also, while pro basketball fans are more numerous and more rabid than ever, they are set far back from the court in the large new arenas, so that their noisy, partisan presence is no longer oppressive.

Another kind of travel was a more significant factor in both series: that is, running. The Knicks, muscling on the boards and contesting the outlet passes at both ends, effectively stopped Baltimore's Wes Unseld-Earl Monroe fast break. Boston, on the other hand, was able to reestablish its running game

continued

Shooting here over Clark, Havlicek was Boston's top scorer with 136 in the five games.





early in the Philadelphia series and win the first two games with it impressively. The Celtics staggered the rest of the way but held on.

A week before the regular season ended, the Celtics were humiliated on national television, losing by 35 points, 108-73, to Los Angeles. After this debacle, Russell roared his charges. "It was more a harangue than a speech," he says. "You could not call anything with so many four-letter words a speech." He saved some of the choicest opprobrium for himself. Acrimony out of the way, the Celtics then set about a more technical appraisal of their deficiencies. "It wasn't a very difficult analysis," John Havlicek says. "We had stopped running. We were slowing the offense down and getting only about 80 to 90 shots a game. And we don't have a good one-on-one player on this team."

"Our first priority must be the fast break," Russell says. "Unless we call a play in the huddle or in the backcourt for a specific reason, we look for the break. If that fails, we still should get the ball up fast and see what develops. Free-throw. Only after that should we go for a set play."

The trouble was, Russell was not hitting the boards, so the others were lingering behind to help him, and there was no one out front to lead the break even if the Celtics did get the rebound. Moreover, Russell was often slow getting down on offense, so the Celtics were tardy setting up plays anyway. They had trapped themselves in the worst of both worlds.

The Celtics started fast-breaking again after the L.A. loss, won their final four games and started off well against Philly. Bryant had already replaced Larry Siegfried in the starting lineup, and he picked up the break with Havlicek, who was his usual whirling dervish self, leading both teams with a 27-point average.

Bryant was an even greater factor on defense against Gene Greer, who had averaged 23.1 on the season. Fighting over the picks Greer needs for his shots, Bryant held him to 15 points a game and a frightful 32% shooting mark. "He had

one good game," Bryant said afterward, proudly. "The fourth one, the only one they won. Why? Because that was the game I got into foul trouble and was on the bench. That's why. Print that. I'm tired of reading about Greer."

Bryant, whose facial foliage and glasses evoke images of José Ferrer playing Toulouse-Lautrec, was a key man in the New York zone press last year when the Knicks were the deepest team in the league. Then he went to Phoenix in the expansion draft, and was there until one sweltering day last August when there was a sudden roar in the Celtic headquarters. Red Auerbach had just gotten around to a detailed study of expansion rosters. "Hey," he bellowed, "that Phoenix has some good ballplayers, and I want some." (Offstage: thunder and lightning.) Shortly thereafter Bryant was obtained for a second-round draft pick.

Expansion, injuries and the two-for-Dave DeBusschere trade have cut the Knicks' squad to the bone and made Damoclean swords out of the signs the official waves that announce "P4" and "P5." Still, when the Knicks were in foul trouble against Baltimore, Coach Red Holzman—renowned mostly as a master technician of the game—showed his skill as a strategist as well with some precise substituting. Don May would come in to spell a forward, DeBusschere or Bill Bradley. Then Bradley would shift back to direct the team while Walt Frazier rested briefly. Nate Bowman would enter to rebound long enough to let Wilis Reed—the dominant figure in all of the playoffs so far—catch his breath. And Riordan, the nonpareil at the bizarre but crucial art of fouling strategically, would replace Frazier or Dick Barnett, sometimes for only seconds at a time, to "take one." So preoccupied did Baltimore become with keeping the ball away from Riordan's man so that Riordan did not foul that on three occasions the Bullets lost the ball in the process and Riordan did not even have to employ his special talent. Boston did the same thing once against New York.

At the same time Baltimore was never able to run down the New York starting five with its superior bench. In the second quarter, when regulars are usually given rest periods, and also in the fourth, when stamina is the issue, the Knicks were at their best, outscoring the Bullets by large margins.

Under Gene Shue, the Bullets have,

in two seasons, gone from last place, 41 games under .500, to 32 above and first place in the East. They made no excuses, though they labored down the stretch, racked by injury and fever, and then, finishing first, were penalized by the NBA's playoff system, which forces the first-place team to meet the third-place finisher instead of the weaker fourth-place team.

Injuries in the backcourt made Baltimore vulnerable to anybody. "Four guards and not two good legs among us," Monroe sighed at practice the day before the series started. With bursts on top of arthritis in his knees, Monroe was released from a hospital only long enough for practices and still wore his hospital ID wristband. His starting partner, Kevin Loughery, completed the most overlooked outstanding season in the league with a performance that was no less than gallant. With gout and an injured adductor muscle, he depended on 10-minute cortisone shots with a wicked two-inch needle just on the chance that the pain could be deadened enough for him to play.

After the first game, when the dope had not worked and he had struggled in agony, Loughery took himself out of the series. Somehow he came back to average 23 points the rest of the way, and in the last game Shue even turned to him to cover Frazier. Off the court Loughery limped painfully, and observers, wincing at the sight, took to rapping their hearts when he walked by, as if the flag were passing.

Before Loughery got the valdactory assignment on Frazier, Jack Marm and Monroe had taken Walt with mixed success. None could keep him from penetrating for any sustained period. It was useless to double-team Frazier, for he and Bradley are uncanny at spotting the open man, and if the Knicks have one distinguishing mark it is that they are all good open shooters. There have been, in fact, many fine five-man teams—though mostly in college—but never has there been a five-man team with five shooters. There was always a little dribbler or a brawny guy with iron hands whose shooting the rival defense could ignore. Despite their opening win, even the eight cagey old Celtics will have trouble handling the five lonely Knicks. Especially, as all schoolchildren know, because the Celtics are too old. Too old. Too old. This is a recording.

Describing a mad baller (above), the powerful New York frontcourt—DeBusschere, Reed, Bradley—pursues a defenseless rebound. Watching Monroe's eyes (left), Frazier seeks a clue to help him steal the ball and notes the shift of Loughery's feet as a guide to passing him.

RESCUED FROM DISASTER BY THE HARD-TO-LOVE GIANT

by **TEX MAULE**

The Los Angeles Lakers, lethargic and slumberous through two losing games of their series with the San Francisco Warriors, came to life with the fury of an irritable giant and crushed the Warriors four straight to move into the semifinals of the NBA playoffs. The most irritable and one of the most effective of the Lakers was massive Wilt Chamberlain, who performed for the Warriors until he was traded by Warrior Owner Franklin Miesel in 1965.

"Chamberlain is not an easy man to love," Miesel said last week, with less reason than ever to love Wilt. "I don't mean that I personally dislike him. He's a good friend of mine. But the fans in San Francisco never learned to love him. I guess most fans are for the little man and the underdog, and Wilt is neither. He's easy to hate, and we were the best draw in the NBA on the road, when people came to see him lose. I traded him because of cold, hard facts—I was making money for everyone but myself." (In the NBA home teams keep all the gate receipts.)

"Chamberlain made the rest of the team faceless and anonymous," Miesel said. But this can hardly be said of Wilt in his role with the Lakers. Although he played a major role in the defeats of the Warriors, he was by no means the only gun in the arsenal. Jerry West, always the beautifully coordinated, controlled athlete, did as much as Chamberlain to set a winning tempo for Los Angeles. Hitting from the fringes of the Warrior defense with lovely, soft set shots, setting up plays and passing unerringly to teammates freed by picks and driving through the heart of the defense for layups, West was the complete basketball player.

On behalf of the Warriors, it must be conceded that their whole game—offense and defense—came unspooled with only 37 seconds gone in the third game of the series when their own version of Jerry West suffered a crippling knee injury. Jeff Mullins, who looks and moves much like West, had scored 36 and 20 points in the two Warrior victories. More important, his ability to hit from outside had forced Chamberlain to come

out from under the basket occasionally, opening lanes for the Warriors to sneak through for high-percentage close-up shots.

Mullins, like West, is the kind of star who distorts a defense by his very presence. When he was injured, the Warriors, with no first-rate playmaker and no really outstanding long shooter, were reduced to feeble plinking at the Laker defense. Chamberlain stationed himself in the near vicinity of the basket and slapped back any attempts by the San Francisco players to get in close. In one virtuoso performance in the fifth game, at Los Angeles, Wilt battled away 10 War-

rior shots, collected 27 rebounds and held the club together when West fouled out with four minutes and 43 seconds to play.

This was the closest of the four Laker victories and it was a measure of West's value to the team. Jerry got into foul trouble early and spent much of the second quarter on the bench. The Warriors, who had been trailing badly, began to surge. Then West came off the bench and, with two beautiful plays, killed off the San Francisco hopes.

With Mullins out, the Warriors were compelled, at this crucial moment, to assign young Bob Lewis the unrewarding

DRAWING BY ROBERT RANDHILL



Thurmond (42) held Chamberlain even in rebounds, outscored him in early games

chore of trying to stiffle West. Jerry, bumbling the ball down court with the fluid ease that marks his play, paused near the sideline to the right of the basket, dribbling the ball almost casually and studying the anxious Lewis in front of him. Then, in a flash of wonderfully controlled motion, he faked to his right, back to his left, cut right again past the floundering Lewis and sped down the baseline to drop in a perfect layup.

Moments later, from the top of the key, he slipped by Lewis again and threaded his way through the heart of the San Francisco defense, dipped under the outstretched arm of big Nate Thurman, and lofted a gentle underhand shot that barely stirred the cords as it dropped through the basket. When he fouled out with more than four minutes to play, the Warriors began to move again, but their effort fell short as the Lakers won 103-98. The last game of the series was a rout, Los Angeles winning 118-78.

After the fifth game, Bill van Breda Kolff, the Laker coach, paid willing tribute to West. "We don't play that well without him," he said. "When I had to put him on the bench in the second quarter because of the fouls, we lost some of our coordination. I think we would have blown the game open if I could have played him full time."

It was in this game, too, that Chamberlain established domination over Thurmond, the fine Warrior center. In the first two games—the Warrior victories—Thurmond had outplayed Chamberlain. He is a bit shorter than Chamberlain and a good deal lighter, but he is very quick and smart and a much better outside shot than his rival. He had fought Chamberlain to a stand-off on rebounds in the first two games and outscored him.

But on this evening in Los Angeles, moving with the agility that is so surprising in so big a man, Wilt took over both the offensive and defensive boards. "He outmuscled me," Thurmond said later, "especially on the offensive boards." Chamberlain had 27 rebounds to only 13 for Thurmond.

Tom Hawkins, a Laker veteran who had flashes of brilliance in the last two games, shook his head in admiration of Wilt when the series was over. "Wilt

has been something else," he said. "You want to know why he's worth so much money? Because he controls the game, the way he has controlled it in the last three games of this series. He makes the tempo."

Of course, there were other Lakers who contributed. After the Warriors had taken the first two games, Rudy LaRusso, who had scored 61 points for San Francisco in those contests, made what turned out to be a rather prophetic comment. "When you get beat," he said, "you usually lose because of what their fourth and fifth players are doing to you. You know the big guys—the Chamberlains and Wests and Elgin Baylor—are going to get their quota of points. A lot of times the difference comes in what the other guys get, the guys you don't expect to score high."

The other guys in this case turned out to be Bill Hewitt, a slender 6' 7" forward from USC, and Johnny Egan, a feisty little 6' veteran from Providence. Van Breda Kolff put them into the lineup in the third game and they helped to bring the comatose Laker attack to life. Egan, looking like a small dark terror yapping at the heels of a pack of Great Danes, animated the offense with his speed and his enthusiasm, while Hewitt, amazingly poised for a rookie, hit several key shots from outside. He has an odd-looking jump shot, firing the ball from off his right ear with his elbow bent and falling away as he releases it.

In all of their victories but the fourth the Lakers showed a tendency to pile up a lead, then coast as the Warriors subbed away at it. It is a habit that brings considerable sorrow to van Breda Kolff, but it is one he seems unable to correct. "This is a game of streaks," said Warrior Coach George Lee in explanation. "I suppose it's psychological. You build up momentum and pour it on for a while, then it is only human nature to relax. You can't go full tilt all the time. So when you let down the other club begins to go harder, and the momentum shifts to them. You have to hope that your streaks last longer and get you more points."

From the way the Lakers played in the final slaughter of the Warriors, they appear almost invincible. They won this series despite a superb performance from their third superstar, Elgin Baylor. Bay-



Until Baylor hurt his knee the Warriors led.

lor, who has been playing superlative professional basketball for 10 years, looked tired and did not move with his accustomed speed and agility. Only a few times in the six games did he jump high, seem to hang effortlessly in the air and loft a clean, arched shot into the basket. If Baylor is fresh and ready and can contribute his full measure to the Los Angeles game, rebounding as well as scoring points, the Lakers should move easily into the final against Boston or New York. In regular-season play, they established themselves as much the best in the West.

Egan, the little guard, allowed himself a rare moment of optimism during the Warrior series, when the Lakers still trailed one game to two. "I hope the Knicks win the Eastern Division," he said seriously. "We've had good luck with them. The matchups are good for us when we play New York." The matchups, with West and Chamberlain at their best, are good for the Lakers against any team in the world. **END**

A POLITE NO FROM ARNIE AND JACK

How were Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus getting ready for the Masters last week? By skipping the Greensboro Open, even though first money was \$32,000, as Gene Littler will happily testify **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

It has been the fate of the Greater Greensboro Open in recent years to be held the week before the Masters, a sort of eve before Christmas Eve. Masters preview stories start popping into the papers well before the Greensboro and continue on through it, all but pushing the results of Greensboro into the obituary pages. Clifford Roberts issues almost daily bulletins to the press: a larger field of foreign golfers have been invited this year, galleries to be reduced, a larger scoreboard behind the third hole, a new bunker at No. 2. Over the years many pros have regarded Greensboro as spring training for the following week. Assuming they have qualified for the Masters, should they take the week off before it, relax and play a few practice rounds at Augusta? Or should they keep a fine competitive edge by playing Greensboro?

Last week three of the biggest names in golf decided against Greensboro, or the GGO. Arnold Palmer regretted. He began the week by attending Dwight Eisenhower's funeral, then flew to Augusta in his jet for a few practice rounds. After a quick trip home for Easter, he returned to Augusta for a final tuning. Palmer hated to skip Greensboro (he had played in it five straight years) since he attended nearby Wake Forest and he held a special press conference to break the bad news.

"I haven't played well in the Masters in recent years and that's the big reason I've decided to pass up Greensboro this year," he said. A year ago the tournament was delayed by a day of rain and Martin Luther King's death, so that Palmer and the rest of the field had to play 36 holes on Monday. Perhaps not entirely by coincidence, Palmer missed the cut at Augusta for the first time in his life.

"Some of my close friends felt I should give myself a little more time to get organized for this year's Masters," Palmer continued. "It's not really a case of practicing at the course to learn something new about it. If I'm successful this year, I'll have found out something. If not, I'll have to take another look."

Jack Nicklaus also passed up the GGO. Nicklaus, after a good start this year that included a victory in the Andy Williams, began to founder. His game was not at all sharp at the National Airlines tournament in Miami two weeks ago when he missed the cut. So rather than continue in his rut, Jack flew to Columbus for a lesson from his old coach, Jack Groat. Then he returned to his home in Lost Tree Village, Fla., where he showed how concerned he was about his game by taking his wife, Barbara, fishing for a few days. Late in the week he flew to Augusta in his jet, arriving while Palmer was there. The two of them

played separately in absolute solitude, save for their caddies. A week later they would be drawing thousands.

Billy Casper was the third of the big-name golfers who avoided Greensboro although, like Palmer, he would have preferred to have done otherwise. Casper, as the world must know, has allergies and one of the things he is allergic to is the chemical pesticide used on Florida golf courses. In recent years Casper has skipped the Florida tour, but this year he decided that his allergies were well enough under control to permit him to play in two Florida tournaments. He did, whereupon his hands and feet ballooned to twice their size, forcing him back to San Diego. Thus Billy Casper spent last week preparing for the Masters by trying to get well.

So poor little old Greensboro had no Palmer, no Nicklaus, no Casper. Poor Greensboro? The one thing Greensboro is not is poor. Just ask Gene Littler, who won his second tournament of the year and the \$32,000 first prize that went with it. In all, the GGO gave away \$160,000 last week, which is only \$10,000 or so less than the Masters will shell out this week. Indeed, the GGO is the sixth richest tournament on the tour—ranking behind the Westchester Classic—(\$250,000), the National Airlines (\$200,000), the U.S. Open (\$200,000), the PGA (\$175,000) and, of course, the Masters.





While Palmer honed his game in a seclusion which he will not enjoy this week, Nicklaus relaxed at sea, testing his own method of conditioning



And, for the tradition-conscious, the GGO dates back to 1938, not a particularly hoary year it would seem, until you realize that only six American tournaments are older—the U.S. Open (1895), the Western Open ('01), the PGA ('16), the LA Open ('34), the Masters ('34) and the Crosby ('37).

Now, not for a moment should it be thought that officials of the GGO consider their tournament equivalent to the Masters. Yet they are quite frosty when they admit that, yes, they did adopt their green blazers after the Masters had adopted the color but that they felt the name of their town—Greensboro, Sub—was reason enough to use it. They are not overly eager to explain that since the middle '50s they have scheduled the GGO for the week before the Masters instead of waiting for better weather in the week following because, as one official put it, "When Ike was President he always insisted on playing at Augusta with the Masters' winner the week after the tournament. Automatically that left us—year in and year out—without the current Masters' champ in our field and that hurt the gate. We changed."

Other things have changed, too, since the first GGO, when Sam Snead—then just a wide-eyed wisp of a youth with a full head of hair—came to Greensboro and won the \$1,200 first prize. The Greensboro was the first Southern PGA

tournament to let black men play (Charlie Sifford broke the barrier in 1961; ironically, last week some drunks in the gallery so angered Charlie with their "Miss it, nigger" taunts that he threatened never to play the GGO again).

Yet, in some ways, the GGO still seems to be an oddly—if charmingly—outdated operation, a civic-minded promotion run by platoons of eager, flushed young Jaycees who are occasionally given to florid little speeches about the "greater good of Greater Greensboro." Much of the money to run the tournament is still raised through hat-in-hand collections from local businesses—Grady Petty's Used Cars, Demo's Spaghettis & Steak House, Gardens of Memory, Inc.

But, of course, the GGO is big business: since 1966 it has been a \$100,000-plus tournament, thanks to a heavy influx of cash from the rich and mighty Allied Chemical Corp. When Allied first offered to get involved with the GGO four years ago, all of Greensboro turned instantly suspicious—assuming that their beloved little tournament would soon be known to the world as the Greater Allied Chemical Golf Tournament & Nylon Yarn Show. In fact, Allied Chemical (unlike Buick, Carling, Kemper Insurance, National Airlines and others) chose not to own the tournament but simply to assist—mostly by contributing the first-prize money each year. And that,

more than any single thing, has allowed the GGO to jump from a pre-Allied peanuts-paltry \$70,000 tournament in 1965 to this year's moneybags operation.

This serves to attract all but the very richest golfers, those who can afford to pass up the money of Greensboro for the prestige of the Masters. As Julius Boros says, "A few years back, when this was a \$45,000 tournament, you could afford to skip Greensboro. Even if you won it wasn't worth all that money and you'd be all worn out for the Masters." Last week Boros was one of three players (along with Tom Weiskopf and Orville Moody) who lost to Littler in a playoff, but his second-place tie was worth \$12,373.33.

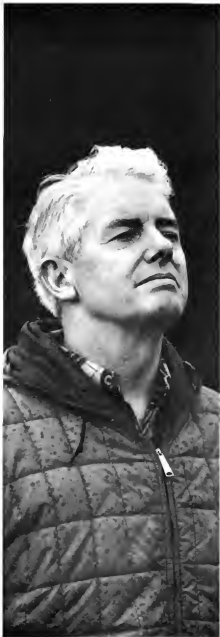
Sam Snead, who has won Greensboro eight times (the latest in 1965 at the age of 52), says, "If I had their [Palmer, Nicklaus] loot, I'd skip this tournament too, I suppose. You don't have to be an Oxford graduate to know a week's rest puts you in better shape than a week's playing if you've been on the tour regularly. If you're just trying for the Big One, skip Greensboro."

Whether or not Snead is right, whether or not Palmer and Nicklaus have chosen the best method of preparing for the Big One, will be proved this week. One thing is certain: a lot of folks around Greensboro are going to be rooting for Gene Littler to win the Masters. **END**

BROWER POWER AWAITS THE VERDICT

For more than a decade the Sierra Club, under Executive Director David Brower (right), has spearheaded conservation forces in many winning battles. Now Brower's job is on the line in an election fight between go-slow club members and his own go-for-broke adherents

by HAROLD PETERSON



The election of new board members in such an organization as the Sierra Club usually would attract the national interest as much as the minutes of a stamp collectors' meeting. But this week when club members stand up and are counted it may mark a dramatic turning point in the conservation movement. David Brower has taken leave as the club's executive director to campaign cross-country for a slate of directors pledged to his policies, if they lose he will be looking for a job.

There is no disagreement among the voters as to the strength of Brower's personality and very little about his effectiveness. "No group in this country has had more power in the last eight years," an influential Congressman, leader of the forces working for dams in the Grand Canyon, grumbled. Both friends and foes concede that Brower is the man who has given a conservation organization that power.

Yet the club retains its roots in the San Francisco Establishment from Brower's standpoint, this has been both a strength and a weakness. As a coterie of gentlemen do-gooders, the Establishment has many members who would prefer to treat developers and exploiters as basically good fellows deep down, whose consciences could be aroused if only their feelings were not too badly bruised.

Brower's missionary evangelism has always prompted a certain unease within the club. As their stubborn hard hand has more and more directly confronted powerful opponents—the utilities, Arcata Redwood, the chairman of the House Internal Committee and the Internal Revenue Service, to name a few—the conservative older members have been more worried by the spiraling budget and commitments than they have been impressed by the rocketing membership and income. They have tended to argue, contrary to Thoreau, that in mildness is the preservation of the world. Nervously, they have chipped away at

Brower's powers. Reacting defiantly, Brower has squeezed some of his programs through loopholes and others around the edges of restrictions.

Personally, David Ross Brower is a patricianly handsome, disquietingly intense, precariously young man of 56 with a magnificent shock of prematurely white hair—an amiable zealot whose reproach might shame the Angel Gabriel. He has been executive director of the Sierra Club for the last 16 years.

The terrible-tempered Sierrans are the self-appointed vigilante defenders of wilderness, wildlife and parklands. They have saved the Grand Canyon, some of the redwoods and, very possibly, your local fish. As the first conservation organization to move much beyond the penning of valentines to Mother Nature in the letters columns of weekly newspapers, the Sierra Club has forcefully impressed itself upon the sometimes reluctant attention of Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon, the Bureau of Reclamation (so-called); assorted Congressmen; the beaverish Army Corps of Engineers; numberless highway, utility, oil and lumber lobbyists, Secretary of the Interior, Walter J. Hickel, and the Internal Revenue Service, which was so impressed by the club's success in influencing legislation that it paid it the compliment of reneging on the tax exemption customarily bestowed on harmless bird watchers.

Under Brown's direction the Sierra Club has grown more than 1,000%, a rate of increase greater than even that of the federal budget and common housefly combined. At present acceleration, it has been calculated, the membership of the club would be one million by 1975 and before 1995 would include every man, woman and child in the U.S. In 1952, when Brower became executive director, the membership was 7,000 and the budget was \$75,000; in 1969 the club deploys nearly \$3 million. It is reckoned that merely in the last two or three years the organization has stood in the way

of \$7 billion worth of construction it considered destructive to the environment.

The Sierra Club—and Brower—has provided Panzer divisions for the post-pickers. In so doing they have won friends—and enemies—in the highest places. The Sierra Club values its enemies, for they are of a kind previously unknown to conservationists: scared ones.

Even physical descriptions of Brower reflect the emotions he arouses. He has been called ruddy-checked, athletic—and Brahmin-like. "Once some chucklehead even called me lean," he grins. A skiing magazine once categorized him as a blend of "Captain Marvel, Disraeli and the White Tornado."

A skilled mountain climber with numerous first ascents to his credit (possibly the best American Alpinist of his decade before an injury), the conservationists' Gideon is also a fine pianist and a first-class photographer. He has been editor, director and chairman of books and organizations too numerous to mention. He was born and raised in Berkeley and still lives atop one of its highest hills in a modest house from which one can see the Bay, the bridges, Marin County and probably, on a clear day, a revelation.

"I dropped out of Cal in 1931 as a sophomore," Brower says. "It was a hard time anyway, and I didn't find the work challenging. In 1933, when I was 21, I joined the club. In 1936, Ansel Adams proposed me as executive director, three years after he sponsored me for membership and 26 years before the position was created."

Brower served in the Tenth Mountain Division in World War II, writing a basic manual and instructing troops in Colorado, France and Italy. "The Alps confirmed my belief in wilderness," he says. "All those mountains in Switzerland punched so full of holes that they have to be held together with cables. They strengthened my desire to protect the places in the Sierra Nevada where 'the

continued

hand of man has not set foot," as Mrs. Malaprop might have said.

"My exposure to the natural environment began humbly enough, car camping with my family each summer. When I was 8, my mother lost her vision. I think that did a lot for my ability to observe. I would take her for walks in the hills. That looking for someone else may have sharpened my appreciation of the beauty in natural things."

Whether he pulled his Escalibur out of the rocks of the Alps or the Sierra Nevada, his hand fits the bit. When Brower returned home from the war, he plunged into a series of preservation battles, culminating in the fight to save Dinosaur National Monument. During this successful battle he became executive director. Since then, the onslaught has been unconditional and unrelenting.

When the visionary, witty naturalist John Muir and his friends founded the Sierra Club in 1892, they succeeded in preserving Yosemite as a national park shortly thereafter and then helped add Mt. Rainier and Glacier National Parks. But from 1914 (the year of Muir's death) till Brower's advent, the club won no major battles. Since then, the roll of victories in large part attributable to the Sierrans has read like Caesar's Gallic wars. Besides working to save the aforementioned Grand Canyon, redwoods and endangered Dinosaur, the club and its allies have rescued the central Great Smokies, the Red River Gorge in Kentucky, the Allagash wilderness in Maine, the Everglades in Florida and Storm King in New York, established North Cascades National Park in Washington and Canyonlands in Utah; obtained National Seashores on Cape Cod and Point Reyes; successfully agitated for a Wild Rivers Bill safeguarding at least six forever free-flowing rivers, and initiated a Wilderness Bill under which 167 wilderness areas in 13 states have already been declared off limits to motor vehicles.

The club's massive publishing program has produced 50 books and proposals 100 more. For prices up to \$25, buyers get the best photography being done anywhere, some very high-powered propaganda and a chance to subsidize their own conversion. The 19 big books have sold 255,000 copies and grossed \$3,850,000, the paperback offshoots have been No. 1 on quality bestseller lists, selling some half a million copies. Ten films have been made, and the club will

soon produce television spots and specials.

Now, at Brower's urging, the Sierra Club has shaken its last association with tennis shoes, butterfly nets and binoculars by taking on the ultimate project, a project of heroic, some say foolhardy, proportions. The Sierrans hope to preserve, for preservation's sake, one species in its essential natural habitat and ecology. It has chosen the wildest of Earth's wildlife, the predator Man.

"The Sierra Club," Brower says, "is not so much defending nature. In due course, nature can take care of itself. Our motives are more selfish, the preservation of our own lives and well-being."

"We are fighting the good fight, the war against man's own ignorance and cleverness. Against his ignorance, because he's got to stop piling people up deeper. Against his cleverness because he's got to control rampant technology. This society does not exist to serve its economy; the economy exists to serve society."

Brower is deeply troubled by the sometimes bitter opposition to his "shoe-banging" tactics, more so than he will confide to a stranger. ("Brower is human," a friendly board member says. "I've seen Dave choked up, virtually in tears. He's done things that have hurt Brower, he's never done anything that hurt the club.")

"Some people who are more objective than I could ever be read envy into it," Brower says, frowning unhappily. "If that's true, I can understand it. I was getting all the publicity. Others were getting very little. I was getting paid, and others worked hard as volunteers."

"The accusation of arrogance very well could have validity. But, in my defense, we've been badly understaffed, and I have been busy. There was a communications gap. I didn't keep the board informed. I kept things too self-centered, didn't spend enough time giving them the feeling they were involved. That was a fault on my part."

"Did I enjoy publicity? I'd have to be to say no. But I don't think allegations about power have any substance. I just don't want to have to wade around in glue all day. I'm not grabbing for power, I just want to have enough authority to be able to work. Maybe I do need a man who can smooth the waves I make," Brower muses, "someone who can spot my glaring errors in judgment

when they're just pinholes. But we conservationists can't go all willowy in the spine. We have miles to go and many promises to keep. Action, commitment, brings support. My creed is that W. H. Murray quote, 'Concerning all acts of initiative, there is one elementary truth, the ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans; that the moment one definitely commits oneself, then Providence moves, too. All sorts of things occur to help that would otherwise never have occurred. A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising in one's favour all manner of unforeseen incidents and meetings and material assistance. . . . I have learned deep respect for one of Goethe's couplets:

Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it."

Ansel Adams, one of the best black-and-white photographers in the world, author of some of the most striking pictures in the club's prize-winning books, is now Brower's bitterest critic and the spiritual leader of the opposition group (which calls itself CMC—Concerned Members for Conservation). "Brower is the Ziegfeld of conservation," Adams says. "Brower is the Zeckendorf of conservation."

Adams, a friendly, hearty gnome with a stubborn chin nearly concealed by a gray bush of a beard and a strong forehead concealed by no hair whatsoever, lives in a house looking down the magnificent, monochromatic Big Sur, south of Carmel. The patriarch still says splendid things: "Wilderness is to the great megalopolis what the commons was to the little village of bygone days. But if the wilderness is overused, it can no longer be a democratic commons. Take Yosemite as example."

Or, "The big enemy now is not the dam and highway builders. It's the damn unconcerned people. People want to take all their comforts, everything, into the wilderness. All they want is a different view out their trailer window."

Adams does not deny certain of Brower's qualities. "Brower is highly imaginative," he says. "He has elements of genius, if genius means ability to conceive and drive things through. I will concede the whole thing: he is a genius. He's a charmer. The Brower group is

continued



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very passionate, almost inquisitorial. I think that may not be what we need now."

There is no doubt that Adams' concerns are now, rightly or wrongly, smaller than Brower's. "The central office of the club should only keep the fences together," Adams says. "Good Lord, the whole club was run on \$9,000 or \$10,000 when I began as a member. The Brower group has a tendency to resent every intrusion into the wilderness and to overlook the realities of life. They forget that utilities and highway people have their own obligations. Diablo, for example, is just another beautiful canyon. These are lots of those. If the Disney people put a resort in Mineral King, I don't see anything wrong with that. Brower is trying to set up an Eden. The Sierra Club has to roll with the punch, because the world is getting very tough."

Sierra Club President Dr. Edgar Wayburn, though he has hobbled Brower's white horse as much as anyone, has striven to maintain unity. "The controversy has been whipped out of proportion," Wayburn recently said. "There's not much real argument about our conservation objectives. I have long shared Dave Brower's ambitions for conservation. Dave has been extraordinarily valuable to the club. Our program has been big and bold, and that attracts people. Militance has been a strong factor in the growth of the club, and Brower has been a large part of that."

"I know the value of the image of a prophet or saint leading the legions of the righteous. There is no question that Brower personifies the burgeoning power of the conservation movement to the public."

"This is to some extent as much a religious organization as an ordinary club. I think there is some possibility of gaining a million members by 1975. When a species becomes dominant, it can grow at a very rapid rate."

"Brower has both the virtues and the vices of a man with a belief in his own destiny. David is a great man but he does have a profound disregard for administrative details. I reject as a red herring the charge that he is riding us into bankruptcy but I do object to his end runs around the board."

"For instance, I support Brower's international program except for his timing. With our present cash-flow deficit, we couldn't do it now if we had five

Dave Browers, five representative prophets. We're not doing what we should here in the United States because we have limited resources."

Maynard Manger Jr., candidate for the board of directors and, ironically, the son of a state highway commissioner, states the case against Brower's priorities and policies as articulately as any of the critics.

"There are two kinds of conservationists. The first is the ironfisted type. 'By God, there isn't going to be one inch more development.' The second is any kind. I believe we can accomplish as much by friendly persuasion. I don't believe in total capitulation of the enemy or pounding your shoe on the table. I don't believe we should be negative. I'm a realist and I've never sold a house yet by being negative."

"This is how gentle persuasion works. you don't take on a public utility in public; you take them out to lunch in private. I believe in setting up a 'bad guy' so the good guy can come in and get what he wants. You send out a noisy rabble-rouser to stir up publicity. Then you say to your friend in government, 'Look, John, we'll make a deal. We'll get the shoe-banger out of your hair, and you get this program through the legislature.'"

Munger scores Brower's publishing program. "The Galapagos set costs \$55," he points out. "That's the average income of the average African. Those books are beautiful, but no one can afford them. And should we become the Book of the Month Club anyway? I don't want the Sierra Club to be a sedentary National Geographic Society whose members just sit back and look at pretty pictures. Books are fine, but where's our book on Mineral King, on Lake Tahoe, on San Francisco Bay? Our publishing should be in concert with our conservation effort. I'd rather see us give the plates and everything, lock, stock and barrel, to some major publisher and underwrite his book to the extent of \$50,000. We'd say, 'With just one condition. We want this book sent to every library, every legislator, and to every member of every county commission in the country. We want you to give Governor Reagan 30 free copies to autograph and send out to his friends.'"

His points made, Manger relents. "There's an awful lot of good in Dave," he admits. "He's a hell of a salesman."

I've met only three genius salesmen in my lifetime, and he is one of them."

Paul Ehrlich is a humble, titleless Sierra Club member. He isn't a candidate for anything. But, as a specialist in human population at Stanford, he is one of the most respected young biologists in the nation. He is also author of *The Population Bomb*, published by Ballantine, a book unashamedly candid about the consequences of present population policies.

"Though the oldtime conservationists may understand that there is a crisis," he says, "they still want to be gentlemen while the world is dissolving. We know what doesn't work; the quiet, gentle approach. If somebody told me there was a 50-50 chance Brower would destroy the Sierra Club, I'd say go ahead, it's a bargain. The world is going to tumble around its ears if the Sierra Club—or someone—doesn't do a job in the next five years. If the Sierra Club's main worry is the preservation of its own existence, there won't be any environment left for it to exist in."

If Brower is ahead of some of the board, he scarcely surpasses the zeal of much of the membership. A simple poll showed that 85% of the members wanted the Sierra Club to do more and do it faster. For example, in Colorado the club has done very little, and the list of depredations is alarming: Black Canyon, the Fryanigan Valley and Clear Creek, to name a few. Even Brower's campaign to prevent dams in Grand Canyon sacrificed five valleys in the most beautiful Alpine section of the state.

And Brower, too, must defer to the militance of some of the directors, such as Martin Litton, who has "had to give Brower a little backstage pushing sometimes. Militance does not come entirely naturally to Dave."

Litton, who resembles a very angry Walter Cronkite, is not one to compromise under the most personal pressure. He recently parted ways with his magazine, *Sunset*, because of a too passionate defense of the redwoods. "And," says an awed staffer, "Martin won't even stop at a filling station out in the middle of the country because he doesn't think it ought to be there."

Actually, neither the latter attitude nor Martin's militance is unique. But Litton does speak eloquently for the angry. "The old liners are all right on most issues," he says, "but not those

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BROWER POWER *continued*

that come in conflict with their personal lives, their friends, the people they see at cocktail parties. They argue. "We must have pleasant and fruitful discussions with the people trying to wreck the landscape so they won't do it so bad."

"We should appeal not to the lobbyist but to the public at large—on TV, in the press. Gentle persuasion does not work. The utilities have to be controlled, not reasoned with."

"We militants are the practical ones. If conservationists agree on total conservation, we are united. But if we decide to give up some things, we'll always be fighting over exactly which. Then when we have given up all we can stomach, what will we have left to bargain with against still greater population pressure? Only the few treasures we have saved."

In essence, Litton contends, the CMC directorial faction is weak—not wise. "They rationalize and yield to expediency because deep down they think that the club is inherently weak," he says. "But the club is not weak. It is strong. In five more years it can be strong enough to shake the excavators' steel teeth."

Actually, the Sierra Club—even under Brower's leadership—is not the most militant force in the field. An organization called ACT (Active Conservation Tactics) advocates sterner resistance. People have tied themselves to trees or lain down in front of bulldozers. Some have sawed down billboards. Busloads of students—the other ones, with short hair and conventional clothes—have been organized to tear up highway stakes. The Sierra Club may soon be on the moderate side of the middle.

Even now, the California Highway Department virtually has to relocate the proposed road to Mineral King (through Sequoia National Park) every morning. "I was walking along the Kaweah River this summer and kept meeting an unusual number of fishermen," a pillar of San Francisco society says. "One group asked me, 'You getting any?' I said I wasn't fishing. 'We don't mean fish,' they said. 'Stakes, man, stakes.' I started pulling them up, too. It was fun."

The younger Sierra Club members—mostly supporters of Brower Power—find fun in the fray, partly as necessary comic relief. "Working for the Sierra Club is uniquely depressing," Administrative Assistant Tom Turner smiles

"One sees just how bad things really are. Our little band of conspirators in the plot to build a better environment needs some gallows humor to keep us going."

"There are moments," says staffer Bob Golden, "when I expect to wake up next morning and find out the mountains have been repealed, the U.S. Park Service has become the U.S. Parking Service and the Sierra Club has lost its name in a trademark suit to a night spot by the same name in Angel's Camp, Calif. We could then call ourselves the Sahara Club, as some already call us."

"Ah, yes. We are known to the pesticide people as the Bambi Group, the highway interests call us the 'proselytizers, prophets and priests of the pinacles,' and the lumbermen refer to us as the Daffodil Fringe. One of our own packers says we've got hoof and mouth disease. We hoof all day and mouth off all night."

Under the pseudonym Robert Rednose, Golden issues such literature as the Sierra Club's *First Annual Fias Budget*. The *Fias Budget* reads, in part, "In recent months various Sierra Club officers and departments have far exceeded their quotas for cantankerousness and we are now forced to ration what was once free to everyone. Allocations are as follows: George Marshall, 3,752 trifles; Ed Wayburn, 17 frets, 3 ads, 1 tumult; Martin Litton, 1 rout, 3 stampedes, 6 diversions; Fred Essler, 5 commotions; all other directors, 3 confrontations, 14 redundancies, 7 contretemps."

Any group of zealous men will eventually be rent by schisms over issues. Because they believe so fervently in the essentiality of the cause, they tend to denounce as heretic any of the brethren who seem to weaken it. Because they believe so ardently in its righteousness, they disavow the doctrinal purity of those who seem to compromise the creed. Because each feels his revelation so strongly, there will be disagreement over which prophet to follow.

"Conservatism," said one member, quite unprompted, just before he mailed off his ballot, "are still like the Christians in the catacombs, waiting for a Constantine. But one of these days the emperor is going to get religion, and then they're going to be baptizing the Army Corps of Engineers en masse in one of its own reservoirs. Maybe Brower is the man to do the converting, too." **END**

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Guide Division



With a century of pro play behind it, major league baseball in 1969 is expanding again—and in ways that may prove a boon to the game now and in the future. Sensible scheduling, a forceful new commissioner and the examples of two successful expansion tries give promise of an exciting and eventful season as clubs begin Year

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

The final out of professional baseball's first century occurred on a beautiful afternoon early last October at Busch Memorial Stadium in St. Louis when Bill Freehan of the Detroit Tigers moved gracefully under a foul fly near the first base dugout. He tapped his catcher's mitt, caught the ball and in an instant was bearing the full weight of Mickey Lolich, the pitching hero in one of the more heartwarming comebacks in sport. It has been only six months since Freehan made the catch, and in just that short period of time baseball has undergone more changes than any other traditional game has ever endured.

This week the second century of professional baseball began, and instead of 20 teams there were 24. Instead of two leagues there were four divisions. One hundred players who were not good enough to make the major leagues in 1968 were suddenly prime properties. Nobody knows what kind of a season it will be because nobody has ever tried to get through a year like this one before. But there are the precedents of two recent seasons when two teams were added, and if what happened then is any measure for 1969 the elements for a spectacular year are present.

The Tigers are going to try to become the first non-Yankee team to repeat as American League champions since 1935. Sometime during the first two weeks Henry Aaron of the Atlanta Braves will step to the plate and get a hit, which will put him at 5,000 total bases for his career. Only seven other men have done that. Musial, Cobb, Ruth, Speaker, Gehrig, Ott and Mays.

Ted Williams is going to try his best to manage the Washington Senators, and that should be interesting, if only for awhile. In the home opener at Fenway Park in Boston, Tony Conigliaro, a young man the doctors said would never play baseball again, will come to bat before one of the loudest standing ovations ever heard.

The left-field fence at Sicks' Stadium in Seattle, the home of the Pilots in the American League's Western Division, is only 303' away from the plate—the shortest in the majors since the Dodgers moved away from the Coliseum and its Great Wall of China. If that does not help the hitters, who were pretty discouraged by 1968's Year of the Pitcher, the lowering of the mound from 15 inches to 10 should.

St. Louis has added Vada Pinson to Lou Brock and Curt Flood, thus forming "The Scat Pack," the fastest outfield the game has known. Buzze Bavasi, one of the few men in the world tricky enough to enter a revolving door behind you and come out ahead, has moved his genius from Los Angeles down to San Diego where he is president of the National League's Western Division Padres. Clyde King, the new manager of the San Francisco Giants, has Willie Mays batting leadoff, which means he should get to bat about 50 more times than he would while hitting third. That could make a huge difference in how the Giants fare.

In Pittsburgh there is a young first baseman named Bob Robertson, who has the kind of power that Ralph Kiner once had. But this is a season when many interesting things might be expect-

ed at first. Frank Robinson, Richie Allen and Tony Oliva all played the position in training for the 1969 race.

Third base, however, is the big spot for a surprising number of clubs this year. Seven new third basemen are coming into the majors, and only one of them, Coco Laboy of Montreal, is on an expansion team. He and the others—Bill Sudakis of Los Angeles, Bobby Murcer of the Yankees, Bobby Etheridge of the Giants, Bill Melton of the White Sox, Richie Hebner of the Pirates and Amon Ous of the Mets—will be depended upon heavily.

All this brightness and promise follows hard on a spring training season that most would just as soon forget. The threatened boycott of the players against the owners never really developed, but so many players were late in reporting that many of the pitchers are still not in their top condition. And it would be silly to suppose that the bitterness between players and owners that developed during the dispute over television moneys has evaporated.

The biggest difference in baseball has been the swift development of Bowie Kuhn as the game's commissioner. In less than 70 days he has made a forcible impression on the office. While his work is only beginning, his approach has seemed the correct one. He does not believe in making decisions by committee, and his appreciation of the game itself runs deep.

One morning early this spring Kuhn was giving a clubhouse speech to the Philadelphia Phillies in Clearwater, Fla. He told them, among other things, that as major league players they had a certain

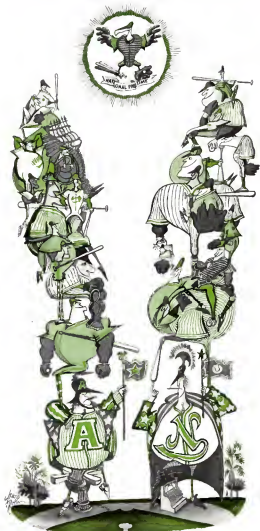


image to live up to. When he finished, Kuhn asked if there were any questions. "Yes sir," said a voice from the back. "We understand you are supposed to be a pretty good baseball fan. We have a coach on this team named Billy DeMars. Do you know who he played for?" Without batting an eye, Kuhn said, "He last played for the St. Louis Browns." The answer was correct.

Mickey Mantle is gone this year, and by the end of it so, too, will be Forbes Field in Pittsburgh, Crosley Field in Cincinnati and Connie Mack Stadium in Philadelphia. But Hoyt Wilhelm, at 45, remains. Now with the California Angels, he needs to appear in only 63 games to reach 1,000—a record that should never be broken. Aaron can reach another milestone, 3,000 hits, if he bats safely 208 times.

Carl Yastrzemski will be swinging for his fourth American League batting title, if statisticians are willing to accept his league-high .301 of last year as a title. Although the most talk has been about Williams as manager of the straining Senators, Billy Martin is taking over as the leader of the Twins and Al Lopez is back in Chicago. With a few breaks, the White Sox could become the majors' most improved team, though still not big winners.

The main problem with this season is going to be adapting to it, and that might not be as difficult as it seems. The four divisions are clearly spelled out as National League East and West, American League East and West. There is none of that Capitol, Coastal, Century, Central nonsense that pro football has been trying to sell with noticeably little success. Each team in each division plays the other five teams 18 times. Each team in a division plays the six teams *outside* its division 12 times, and there is no interleague play. The schedule itself is more logical than in the past. Clubs play each other within their division to open the season, next play the other division teams, repeat the process within and outside of the division once more and finish up playing in their own divisions. Thus, during the waning days of the race, teams fighting for a divisional championship will be playing each other. If the races are close at all, the final drives for pennants could become truly exciting.

Still, many people are going to find flaws in the schedule. Owners already

continued

have. Chicago, for example, will play San Francisco at home for one less series. This means three dates with Willie Mays go by the boards, and that adds up to big money. In New York, an Eastern Division city, the Western Division Dodgers and Giants play only 12 games against the Mets at Shea Stadium as opposed to 18 in past seasons. The difference could add up to a drop of more than 180,000 in attendance and close to \$900,000 spent at the ball park.

As the season began there were already troubles in two of the four expansion cities. Jarry Park in Montreal

was under snow, and Sicks' Stadium was only about 85% finished when the Pilots opened there. Neither of these parks is up to major league standards in attendance. At capacity Sicks' will hold only 28,500. Jarry Park is supposed to be capable of holding 30,000.

In April of 1961 the American League of Professional Baseball Clubs introduced its two new expansion teams, the Washington Senators and Los Angeles Angels, to what could hardly be called a waiting world. The first hit of the new season, few people are certain to remember, was struck by Coot Veal of the Sen-

ators. It went a distance of 30 feet. Chet Boak played that year. So did Gene Leek, Fritz Brickell and Julio Becquer. Going into June the Senators played better than .500 ball but then they found their natural level and lost 80 of their final 124 games. Los Angeles, after winning its first game, lost eight in a row to fall into last place. The Angels ended up eighth, losing nine fewer games than Washington.

Attendance did not rise appreciably in the American League because of expansion. The Angels pulled only 603,000 and the Senators 597,000. But for sus-

A COLORFUL CENTURY

1869: The Cincinnati Red Stockings, the first pro team, post a 65-0-1 record and a \$1.39 profit after barnstorming 11,877 miles.

1870: Brooklyn's reputation is firmly established as fan tackles a Cincy fielder in game that ends Reds' unbeaten streak at 101.

1871: The National Association, first pro league, is founded in New York saloon.

1872: The curveball is legalized.

1873: A rule change prohibits fielders from catching fly balls with their hats.

1874: Boston and Philadelphia demonstrate baseball in England and Ireland and defeat their hosts in cricket.

1875: Boston (71-8) wins all its home games and a fourth-straight pennant.

1876: William Hulbert and A. G. Spalding establish the National League.

1877: Four Louisville Grays are expelled from the majors for faking games.

1878: The first turnstiles are installed.

1879: Boston Owner Arthur Soden devises the reserve clause.

1880: Chicago, introducing mound rotation, alternates pitchers and wins pennant.

1881: Baseball owners compile the first blacklist of "insubordinate" players.

1882: Dick Higham is first—and last—umpire convicted of conspiring with bettors.

1883: Providence's Art Irwin injures his hand and invents the first fielder's glove.

1884: John A. Hillenach fashions the first Louisville Slugger.

1885: St. Louis and Chicago, with more errors (102) than hits (96), tie in the playoffs.

1886: Chicago sends King Kelly to Boston for \$10,000, the game's first big deal.

1887: Irate Cincy fan Harry M. Stevens complains about scorecards and ends up as baseball's first concessionaire.

1888: Ernest L. Thayer writes *Casey at the Bat*.

1889: Inexhaustible John Clarkson of Boston pitches 49 wins—and 19 losses.

1890: Rebel shortstop John Montgomery Ward forms the short-lived Players' League.

1891: Interleague war results in the National League absorbing the American Association and going to 12 teams.

1892: Wilbert Robinson goes 7 for 7 as the Orioles beat St. Louis 25-4.

1893: The distance from the mound to home is increased from 30' to 60' 6".

1894: Baltimore, after finishing eighth in '93, wins the pennant.

1895: The year of the great race: just 13½ games separate nine teams on Aug. 31.

1896: The Orioles invent the cutoff play and sweep Cleveland in the playoffs.

1897: Woe Willie Keeler, 140 pounds, "hits 'em where they ain't" for a .432 average.

1898: The schedule is set at 154 games.

1899: Cleveland Spiders lose 134 games.

1900: The National League settles down to an eight-team, seven-city membership that will remain unchanged for 53 years.

1901: The American League attains major league status.

1902: The Player War rages—AL vs. NL.

1903: Boston of the AL wins first Series.

1904: Intransigent Giants refuse to meet Boston in the Series.

1905: The Old Arbitrator, Bill Klem, begins his 36-year umpiring career.

1906: Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance Cubs win a record 116 games.

1907: Cubs steal 18 bases and become first to win four straight Series games.

1908: Fred Merkle's boner costs the Giants the pennant.

1909: William Howard Taft is the first President to attend Opening Day.

1910: The Dead Ball Era ends with the introduction of the cork-center ball.

1911: Cy Young retires with 511 wins.

1912: Eight St. Joseph's (Pa.) students, playing for Detroit during one-day player strike, lose to Philadelphia 24-2.

1913: Christy Mathewson, Rube Marquard and Charlie Tesreau each win 22 or more games as Giants take the pennant.

1914: The Miracle Braves, last on July

tained interest, few American League seasons can compare with that first expansion year. The Detroit Tigers made an excellent run at the New York Yankees until the first weekend in September. They won 101 times, even though they lost to New York by eight games. Roger Maris hit his 61 homers, and five others—Harmon Killebrew, Mickey Mantle, Jim Gentile, Rocky Colavito and Norm Cash—each hit more than 40. Cash won the batting title with .361—a figure that has never been approached since and has been topped only twice going back to 1940. Maris batted in 142 runs, Gen-

tile 141 and Colavito 140. Since that expansion year no American League hitter has driven home more than 126.

The National League balanced things the next season with its own additions, Houston and New York, and their own list of forgettable names: Larry Foss, Rick Herscher, Al Hest, J. C. Hartman, Herb Moford, Don Tausig, Ray Davault. Again, however, fantastic things happened. Mäury Wills stole 104 bases. No fewer than 14 men hit better than .300, and Tommy Davis of Los Angeles won the batting title with an average of .346. Frank Robinson of the Reds

was just behind him at .342. Davis knocked in 153 runs. It took a playoff between the Giants and the Dodgers to decide the pennant, and San Francisco, which had compiled a hefty team batting average of .278 during the season, won.

Will history repeat itself in expansion year 1969? It is off to a good start. This spring there were pitchers named Knuckles, Fast, Fingers, Beene, Hill, Decker and Armstrong listed on major league rosters. No fewer than 25 former Miets had infiltrated the 24 rosters. Baseball's 101st year could be a dilly.

19, are in first place by Labor Day

1915: The outlaw Federal League crumbles after two seasons.

1916: The Giants win record 26 straight games but still finish fourth.

1917: The St. Louis Browns hold first modern Ladies Day.

1918: The Provost Marshall's "work or fight" order curtails season.

1919: The Black Sox Scandal

1920: Cleveland's Bill Wambegans excutes unassisted triple play.

1921: Harold Arlin makes the first baseball radio broadcast.

1922: Rookie Charley Robertson pitches perfect game in his third start.

1923: Babe Ruth christens Yankee Stadium with a three-run Opening Day homer

1924: Rogers Hornsby hits .424, highest modern average.

1925: The great comeback; going into their last at bat trailing 15-4, A's beat Cleveland with a 13-run rally to hold first place

1926: Babe Herman, dailiest of the Duffy Dodgers, "triples" into a double play.

1927: Ruth clouts 60 home runs.

1928: Ty Cobb retires with .367 career average. He was over .300 in 23 straight years.

1929: The A's Howard Ehmke, who worked only 55 innings all season, opens Series against Cubs and strikes out 13.

1930: The Cubs' Hick Wilson drives in record 190 runs.

1931: Cardinal rookie Pepper Martin hits .500 and steals five bases in the Series.

1932: Ruth "calls his shot" (see page 6)

1933: The first All-Star Game is played

1934: Burtleigh Grimes throws the last legal spitball

1935: FDR presses a button in the White House and starts night ball in Cincinnati.

1936: The Yanks clinch the pennant on Sept. 9 and finish 1946 games in front.

1937: Dizzy Dean breaks his toe in the All-Star Game.

1938: Gabby Hartnett's "homer in the gloamin'" wins the pennant for the Cubs.

1939: "I consider myself the luckiest man on earth," says Lou Gehrig, retiring with incurable illness after 2,130 straight games.

1940: Bob Feller throws a no-hitter on Opening Day.

1941: Joe DiMaggio hits safely in 56 consecutive games for the Yankees.

1942: FDR tells baseball it is vital to morale and must not stop during the war.

1943: Yank Manager Joe McCarthy wins eighth pennant and seventh World Series.

1944: Wartime baseball: Only 15, Joe Nuxhall pitches for the Reds.

1945: Branch Rickey signs Jackie Robinson and breaks color line

1946: The Mexican League attracts a beach of dissatisfied ballplayers

1947: Cookie Lavagetto's ninth-inning double for Brooklyn runs Yank Bill Bevens' Series no-hitter

1948: "Spahn, Sam and a day of rain."

1949: Phils Eddie Waitkus is shot by a girl fan he does not even know.

1950: Philadelphia's Whiz Kids win

1951: Giants' Bobby Thomson hits baseball's loudest home run.

1952: Congress upholds reserve clause.

1953: Baseball begins to expand as the Braves move to Milwaukee.

1954: Pinch Hitter Dusty Rhodes' two late-inning homers help Giants sweep the Series

1955: "Next Year" at long last comes to Brooklyn.

1956: Don Larsen hurls a perfect Series game

1957: At 39, Ted Williams hits .388 and wins his fifth batting title

1958: The Dodgers and Giants move west

1959: Pittsburgh's Harvey Haddix pitches 12 perfect innings and loses

1960: Bill Mazeroski's ninth-inning homer wins the Series for the Pirates.

1961: Roger Maris hits record(*) 61 home runs.

1962: The Mets and Colt .45s complete the "first" expansion

1963: Stan Musial retires after collecting his 3,630th hit.

1964: The pennant-winning Yanks fire Manager Yogi Berra and hire Johnny Keane.

1965: LA's Sandy Koufax throws a perfect game, his fourth no-hitter in four years

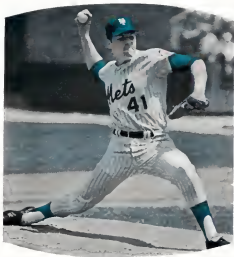
1966: The Orioles shut out the Dodgers the last 31 innings and sweep Series.

1967: "The Impossible Dream"—100-to-1 shot Boston wins the pennant.

1968: Tiger Denny McLain wins 31 games.

THE IRON MEN

Steadiness is the game of players like Bill Freehan (see cover). Only occasionally are they the stars, but without them the stars could not shine. Their hits sustain rallies. They throw to the right cutoff man, are flawless on the rundown play. Almost no injury is serious enough to bench them, almost no move too insignificant if it will win games. To watch them closely is to learn what baseball is all about.



Putting together a winning record for the Mets is not easy. Tom Seaver has won 16 wins in each of his two big league seasons. He works fast and often (more than 500 innings already) and, maybe best of all, can field like a shortstop.



Claude Osteen had his first losing season for the Dodgers last year, but he pitched a lot of good innings for them, as he has been doing since 1965, averaging 15 wins a year as an indispensable minor pillar of an illustrious staff.

There are few jobs being done very well on the Washington Senators, but third base is an exception. For Ted Williams' information, Ken McMullen plays 150 games a year in few of them at other spots and hits 15 to 20 homers

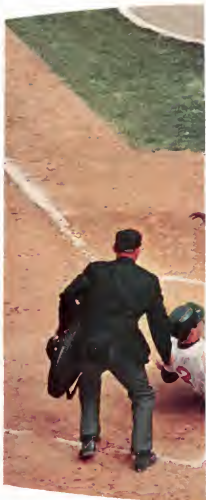




There were those who thought, with all due deference to superstars Gibson, Flood and Brock, that the most valuable Cardinal last year was Mike Shannon, who hit conspicuously well in the clutch and was as inspired at third base.



Almost as hidden as Shannon in a lineup of stars has been the Cincinnati second baseman and all-round infielder of three years, Tony Helms. Spraying hits to all fields in the style of teammate Pete Rose, Helms averaged .268.



Mike Andrews, shown romping like a Tiger, has spent both his full seasons in the majors as Boston's regular second baseman. He helped win the '67 flag, hit .308 in the Series and retained his option last year at bat and field.



Since 1960, when he became the Cubs' third baseman, Ron Santo, fielding a hot one down the line, has led the league regularly in such nifty, gritty departments as putouts and assists. He is also one of baseball's very best run producers.



A solid hitter, one of the top AL centerfielders in errors in '68, a man who also put in 15 games at first base for the Tigers last year, Mickey Stanley will best be remembered for what he did in the World Series — at short.



Yes, there still is a dandy little shortstop named Luis Aparicio. In 1968, his 13th year in that position, he played 155 games for the White Sox, led all shortstops in assists and chances accepted and outfield most with 264



When the Twins' Cesar Tovar played on 11 mg. at each of the nine positions in a game last year, he was showing off. But in the line of duty he played short, third, second and the outfield and, as leadoff batter, stole 35 bases.



Giants' cleanup man and first baseman who succeeded Orlando Cepeda, Willie McCovey won the NL home-run title and placed third in the MVP voting in 1968. Several of his less-heralded years with the club were about as good.



Tony Horton is 24 years old and already well established in life—as Cleveland's first baseman. He's a better-than-average hitter (.284 in '67), a steady enough fielder and, in short, somebody Alvin Dark needsn't worry much about.

Luis Tiant became a star last year with 21 wins, nine shutouts and a league-leading ERA of hardly anything. But he has been winning 10 to 12, losing fewer and getting three times as many whiffs as walks for Cleveland since '64.

For five years the White Sox were unable to replace Nellie Fox at second. In '67 seven different candidates failed. Then last year Sandy Alomar Jr., an angel arrived and even looked a little like Fox as he nailed down the position.



There have been no problems at second base in Pittsburgh for 13 years. There has been only Bill Mazeroski, hitting consistently, chewing steadily, fielding expertly, playing daily despite injuries and enduring like nobody else.



On the Trail of Alick's Game



BASEBALL'S

In 1845 this New Yorker—and not Abner Doubleday—invented the game. Then he headed West, taking with him a ball and a missionary's zeal.



Along the route (opposite) he spread the word and wherever he stopped the sport still lives, but in ways he might have found surprising.

ALEXANDER CARTWRIGHT

JOHNNY APPLESEED

By HAROLD PETERSON
Illustrations by Douglas Gorsline

n a pleasant and sunny morning in the spring of 1845, six years after Abner Doubleday did not invent baseball in Elihu Phinney's Cooperstown cow pasture (or anywhere else), a black-whiskered 25-year-old New Yorker named Alexander Joy Cartwright Jr. walked off the pleasantly shaded sidewalks of Fourth Avenue into a meadow on Murray Hill between Third Avenue and the railroad cut. There he joined a group of young men lightheartedly playing a game of ball remembered from their childhood—a game, like most children's games, whose antecedents were mysterious and whose rules were subject to constant change and much dispute.

This particular day Cartwright had a carefully drafted diagram in his hand. He beckoned his fellows to gather around and described his plan, which was a distillation of many vague ideas that had been proposed in the previous several years. The plan was simple. Instead of the casual arrangement of bases that had prevailed in the past, the ballplayers would be stationed at first, second and third base around a perfect square, with 90 feet between the bases. Instead of an indefinite number of players in the outfield, there would be only three, at left field, center field and right field. Because most balls were hit between second and third, Cartwright put one player at an entirely new place he called short-stop. There were to be flat bases instead of random posts or rocks that happened to be found where the game was played. There could be only nine men on a side. They would bat in a regular order, announced before the game started. To determine when the hitting and fielding sides would exchange places, Cartwright proposed a rule that he called "three hands out, all out." In cricket, popular in New York in those days, a side continued to bat until the whole team was out.

The game that Cartwright and his friends tried out on Murray Hill was phenomenally successful from the start. The standardized shape and dimensions

of the playing field meant that ball clubs could meet each other on equal terms wherever they played. Throwing to bases to make outs—instead of throwing the ball and trying to hit a wildly dodging base runner—tightened and rationalized the game remarkably; it immediately ceased to be a mere children's amusement. The rapid succession of innings rescued the game from the dawdling pace of cricket, a game that, being of English origin, was losing its appeal among Americans, who had indicated they would fight the English rather than give up their claim to all territory south of the 54th parallel in the Northwest. But the best evidence of Cartwright's inventive genius was his placing the men at their positions on the diamond (which have remained almost exactly the same ever since) and his setting the distance between bases at 90 feet. He was exactly, uncannily right. The result was a succession of close plays at first base. Five feet less would have given the base runners an enormous advantage. Five feet more would have allowed the infielders too much time to scoop up a grounder and get the ball to the first baseman. But at 90 feet plays at first came to be decided by a step.

Cartwright's innovation meant the beginning of lightning-fast team play, the development of the art of the short-stop and first basemen and the stricter policing of games by umpires. The latter became suddenly important because of the closeness of plays, but their effect was to bring order into the contests in all respects.

There had been many other games involving bases and balls before 1845 (some were even called baseball). A crudely defined game known as town ball, derived from the ancient English sport of rounders, had attained some popularity in New York and New England (the New England version, with bases arranged in a U pattern and the better's position entirely separate, was called the Massachusetts game). But all of these primitive exercises were static and aimless, and impossible to codify. Only after Cartwright's re-

volutionary innovations did the game ignite general excitement. Alexander Cartwright had invented baseball—in the same sense that the Wright brothers (and not Leonardo da Vinci) had invented the airplane, and Thomas A. Edison (and not Benjamin Franklin) had invented the electric light.

But who was Alexander Cartwright? You can read every work on baseball ever published and glean only a few sentences, most of them inaccurate, about this founding father. He is variously described in standard reference books (if he is mentioned at all) as an engineer, a surveyor, a draftsman, a New York City fireman. His father was a maritime surveyor, he was a volunteer fireman and some of his best friends sold fire insurance, but his trade, originally, was banking.

Alexander Cartwright was a big man. He stood 6'2" and weighed 210 pounds. He had dark hair, dark eyes and was considered an excellent athlete. By 1845 he had been married for three years to Eliza Ann Van Wic of Albany, and he was prospering. He lived in a house on Eighth Street just off Fifth Avenue. He earned a good living as a teller in the Union Bank on Wall Street. The cashier there, and his superior officer, was Daniel Ebbets, an ancestor of Charles Hercules Ebbets, who, half a century later, became the owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers and laid out Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. Like Ebbets, most of Cartwright's friends were either in banking or insurance on Wall Street and they were all sportsmen.

So delighted by Alick's new rules were the Murray Hill sandlotters that by September of 1845 a group of Cartwright's social peers—and a very few who were not—eagerly accepted his proposal that they establish a club of baseball players, to be called the Knickerbockers. Their idea was that a baseball club should be an association of gentlemen amateurs, much like the Marylebone Club that had made cricket the national game of England. Those Knickerbockers of 1845, the first organized baseball club, eventually played

the first recorded match game with another team, the New York Club, on June 19, 1846.

Although he was the team's best player at several positions, Cartwright volunteered to act as umpire (as we shall see in a moment, this was disastrous for the Knickerbockers). In that capacity he enforced baseball's first fine, a 6¢ levy for swearing. A drawing of an antediluvian encounter at Elysian Fields in the resort town of Hoboken, N.J. still exists, as well as an observer's description of the first game, "played under perfect skies" as "lady visitors sat under a canvas pavilion to protect their alabaster complexions from the sun."

The Knickerbockers took the field in a uniform of blue pantaloons, white flannel shirts and chip (straw) hats, an outfitting which was later modified to include mohair caps and patent leather belts. The New York Club beat the Knickerbockers 23-1. (The idea of the nine-inning game was not originated until some years later. Matches at this time ended with the inning in which a team had gone over 21 runs, or "aces.") So much for the Marylebone tradition.

Scores of other ball clubs sprang up. Long Island workmen formed the Pastime Club; policemen organized the Manhattan; barkeepers the Phantoms; schoolteachers the Metropolitans; dairymen the Pocahontas Club. Already there were fans, called cranks, which is what losing managers still call them.

Cartwright's game did not instantly replace all other forms. There is a story that as late as the 1890s, when Rube Waddell first entered league ball, he tried to "soak"—throw at—a base runner. When the umpire remonstrated with him for this unseemly attack on an opponent, Rube protested, "That's out, where I come from."

The Civil War only propagated the game. Many Southern boys learned baseball in Union prison camps, and it has been reported that once a pause was called on the front lines to allow for a contest between Northern and Southern troops. Baseball spread west. In 1866 Feyerly's *Book of American*

Pastimes (which still credited the Knickerbockers as "the nucleus of the now great American game of Base Ball, so popular in all parts of the United States, than which there is none more manly or health-giving") already mentioned a Frontier Club at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

In 1868 Harry Wright, one of the best of the early players, reorganized a theretofore amateur club called the Cincinnati Red Stockings as the first team to play openly for money. By



1903 there were some 400 men earning fame and a fair living by playing baseball on 16 teams in two major leagues, and there were 19 minor leagues. Not a one could have told who Alexander Cartwright was.

So completely had Cartwright vanished from the annals of baseball—the most documented of all American sports—that by the time of his death in 1892 not even an obituary in *agate type* appeared in *Sporting Life*, the

baseball bible of the period. Reach's baseball chronology, which detailed the minutest events day by day, instead had a nice note on the passing of good old Joe Mong.

Cartwright's fame became further obscured as a result of a report made by the Mills Commission, formed in 1904 to determine the origin of baseball. It was organized by Abraham G. Mills, who had been third president of the National League, and was a close friend of Albert Spalding, a superb pioneer professional player and the founder of the sporting goods firm. Henry Chadwick, the first sportswriter to cover baseball, had written a historical sketch in which he traced its origins to the old English game of rounders, and Spalding hated the idea that any part of the sport might have started outside the United States. The mission of the Mills Commission was to destroy that notion. It was made up of seven men. Among them were Mills himself and two oldtime players who had become manufacturers of baseball equipment, Al Reach and George Wright.

The most interesting member of the commission, and the man who could have done most to set the record straight, was Wright. George had played ball in New York in the 1860s, and he unquestionably was familiar with the older men who had played with Cartwright. He later played shortstop for Cincinnati and got \$1,400—\$200 more than his brother Harry. In the 1880s, when his playing days were over, he headed the Boston club in the old Union Association, and founded the sporting goods firm of Wright & Ditson.

Among many other prejudices, Mills hated the Union Association. He called it an organization of deadbeats and played-out bums. When Augustus Busch of the brewery company backed the St. Louis club in the Union Association in 1883, Mills sneered that the new circuit was floating on beer money. Another source of chagrin was that the Union Association teams played with Wright & Ditson instead of Spalding

baseballs. But by 1904 the Union Association had disappeared, and one would think that Wright, a wealthy manufacturer who was venerated as the grand old man of baseball, could hardly have been ignored.

There is no evidence, however, that George Wright ever attended a meeting of the Mills Commission. For that matter, there is no evidence that the Mills Commission ever held a meeting of all its members. Wright had become interested in golf, laying out the first course in Boston, and one of the first in the U.S. He had publicly declared that tennis was a better sport than baseball; two of his sons were national champions. He was an elegant, worldly traveler, interested in music and the theater and a golf-playing crony of millionaires at Palm Beach. Perhaps he was never consulted by Mills; perhaps he declined to participate.

In any case, whatever historical material the Mills Commission had assembled was destroyed in a fire that burned the office of the American Sports Publicity Company. Mills issued the report personally in 1907, and he was the only person to sign it. The report

concluded that baseball was a purely American sport, not derived from rounders, and that the method of playing it had been devised by General Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown in 1839.

This document was a classic example of manufactured history. The report incorporated the uncorroborated ramblings of an octogenarian, Abner Graves, whose dubious claim to baseball fame was that at one time he lived in Cooperstown. Graves claimed that some 68 years earlier "Doubleday improved Town Ball to limit the number of players, as many were hurt in collisions."

General Doubleday, who had died in 1893, made an almost perfect figurehead, apart from the fact that there was no record that he ever had anything to do with baseball. Handsome, distinguished, he was the holder of a heroic Civil War record that dated from Fort Sumter, where he was credited with firing the first Union shot. He was also an excellent writer and a commanding

public figure. It is unlikely that even the Mills Commission would have made up the story of his part in baseball out of whole cloth, but at most he could be credited with a youthful interest in the game and with having encouraged sports among the troops. In all General Doubleday's extensive writings, including his memoirs, there is not a single reference to baseball.

Why did Cartwright disappear so quickly from the annals of baseball? The answer lies in American folk history. To rediscover the historical Cartwright one must go back to January 1848, when gold was found in California. Within the space of one turn of John Sutter's mill wheel, the placid post-revolutionary society of 19th century America was churned by greed into a great lunge westward for gold and glory. By fall rumors were spreading in New York, and in December of that year President James K. Polk made the news official in his State of the Union message. "The supply is very large," he said.

Cartwright, who had gone into the stationery business with his brother Alfred De Forest Cartwright and by



this time was the father of a son and two daughters, was doing well, but he got caught up in the fever, too, and soon was making plans. The brothers sold their business. Alfred would sail for San Francisco via Cape Horn; Alexander would go by land with a party of 11. While others were mesmerized by thoughts of instant wealth, Alexander Cartwright went as a man with capital to invest. By all accounts, he was the reverse of calculating. He was sociable, hearty, devoted to his old friends, ingenious and inventive, but without ambition to profit from the things he devised. He started west for adventure and became, along the way, a Johnny Appleseed of baseball, proselytizing recruits to the game all the way from Hoboken to Honolulu.

"It took him 163 days to travel from Newark, N.J. to San Francisco," Bruce Cartwright Jr. wrote in 1938 in an attempt to restore recognition to his grandfather, a project that gained inadequate notice, partly because of Bruce Jr.'s own death soon after. "He walked the whole distance [from Pittsburgh west]. Whenever they rested and had enough people to form two

baseball nines, they played 'baseball,' according to his letters to old Knickerbockers."

There had existed in Honolulu a diary along with notes kept by Cartwright of his journey and even an original ball used by the Knickerbockers, brought west by Alick as a memento. Bruce Jr. noted that his grandfather "told people in Honolulu that he taught people to play baseball at nearly every stop of his journey across the plains" and that "it was comical to see mountain men and Indians playing the game."

Scattered old sources can be found in Hawaii that refer to Alexander Cartwright having taught the game to "enthusiastic saloonkeepers and miners, to Indians and white settlers along the way" and "at nearly every frontier town and Army post where his wagon train visited." A secondary source mentions the New Yorkers "laughing as they watched the converts to the game attempt to imitate their own grace and skill with the bat and ball, such as catching the ball with the hands cupped and allowing the hands to 'give' with the catch." Another source

declares, perhaps apocryphally, that one such match was interrupted by Indian attack.

Unfortunately, Bruce Cartwright Sr., Cartwright's son, burned the diary because it contained information "potentially damaging to prominent people in California and Hawaii." Before he set match to the manuscript, however, another son, Alexander Cartwright III, did copy out of the diary those parts that he considered of historical interest. But, more unfortunate still, few of these concern baseball, despite the fact that Alexander III was a lover of the game.

Bruce Jr. sent a copy of the notes, along with his own accompanying narrative to Cooperstown, but by 1968 it was nowhere to be found. The Cartwright descendants had all died or left Hawaii, and considerable tracking was required to establish that great-grandson William Edward Cartwright was alive and trying to popularize a new sport called ski bopping (SI, Feb. 17).

William Cartwright *did* have the last remaining copy of Bruce Cartwright Jr.'s version of the journal and would send it along "as soon as my wife,



Anne, can type a copy." He added casually, "My son, Alexander Joy Cartwright IV, is following in his great-grandfather's footsteps as a member of the 'Indians' team of the Rincón Valley Little League. He is quite good, too."

Even incomplete, Cartwright's journal turned out to be a remarkable document. Baseball seemed new, alive and exciting then. How much so can be judged from a contemporary description: "It is a game which is peculiarly suited to the American temperament and disposition; the nine innings are played in the brief space of two and one half hours, or less. From the moment the first striker takes his position and poises his bat, it has an excitement and vim about it, until the last band is put out in the ninth inning. There is no delay or suspense about it, from beginning to end; and even if one feels disposed to leave the ground, temporarily, he will generally waive his desire, especially if it is a close contest, from fear of missing some good point or clever effort of the trial.

"An American assemblage cannot be kept in one locality for the period of two or three hours, without being offered something above the ordinary run of excitement and attraction. They are too mercurial and impulsive a race not to get drowsy and dissatisfied with anything which permits their natural ardor to droop even for a brief space of time."

Alexander Cartwright was a simpler writer, but the sentiment was his. And what of the sentiment today? What is the living heritage of the game Cartwright devised? How is baseball flourishing in the country through which he passed? Is it dead or dying? Is ardor drooping? This is the story of the hunt for traces of Cartwright the individual, and a cross-country look at the state of baseball now in the cities and towns along the way.

Alexander Cartwright's party left Newark on March 1, 1849. The man in charge was a Dr. D'Arcy, called General D'Arcy by Cartwright. One mem-

ber of the party was Cyril Grey, a New York reporter, one was a New York varnish dealer, one a laborer and the professions of the others are unidentified. They took the train to Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH. Here, where Cartwright started walking in 1849, there is no statistical record of baseball before the Civil War. In 1866 a returned Union soldier, Al Pratt, started the first organized club, the Enterprise. Formed soon after were the Olympics, who, in 1869, took on the professional Cincinnati Red Stockings, already a year old. It was a widely publicized match. Sad to say, the beloved Olympics lost 54-2.

Pittsburgh eventually formed a team of paid professionals of its own, the Alleghenies. The club retained that name for more than 20 years until—as the result of a freebooting career that saw them buy out most of the Columbus team in 1884, jump the old American Association to take over the National League's Kansas City franchise in 1886 and raid the Philadelphia Athletics in 1891—they began being called "the Pirates" around the league.

Today, Memorial Day, the 1968 Pirates are at home to the Metropolitans of New York—a team named for, but not directly descended from, a club contemporary with the old Knickerbockers. There is a kind of poetic justice in the fact that the gentle Metropolitans won both games, particularly since the Pittsburgh management had elected to start a doubleheader at the bizarre hour of 10:30 a.m. on a field the approximate consistency of cold porridge.

CADIZ, OHIO. West from Pittsburgh (see map, page 56) lies little Cadiz among fresh green New England hills. Federal business blocks surround the ornate green-copper-domed courthouse, mist blows through the great elms and around sleepy Victorian houses. Among notices of ice-cream socials and portraits of high school seniors, store-window placards advertise a Decoration Day with all the traditional trimmings: band music, a march to the cemetery, orations, a chicken fry, to be followed by . . . Well, almost traditional: the baseball feature is

a Little League game. Alas, Allick, grown men here no longer play baseball.

COLUMBUS, OHIO. Cartwright must have come this way in mid-March 1849, but left no mention of the place. Today, May 31, 1968, the Ohio high school baseball tournament (Class A) enters its semifinals at the Ohio State University field north of the university poultry sheds. Bumper-stickered partisans froth and ferment in the grandstand as Old Fort vies with Seaman, and Anna versus Hannibal River Local. Maybe it is true that Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis is up there in the Blue Sky League making up names for baseball teams.

Taciturn young Ron Rau, a lanky blond righthander—soon to be typecast as The Rookie in some major league camp—beats Seaman with a six-hitter. After one day's rest he beats Anna in the finals 6-0, allowing one hit, striking out seven and walking none.

More remarkable is the Class AA feat of a reedy southpaw from Shaw High in East Cleveland, Buddy Schultz. In the semifinal Schultz beats Columbus' Marion-Franklin 6-0, striking out 13 without a walk. Twenty minutes later Schultz is ranking up again. This time he beats Rogers of Toledo 1-0 on a two-hitter and strikes out 14.

The big dramatic moment occurs in the top of the final inning of the championship game. With nobody out, a one-run lead and two strikes on the Toledo leadoff man, Schultz clutches his pitching arm in great pain. His coach rushes out to massage the arm. Schultz resumes pitching and throws six straight balls. Then, with the tying run on second and the lead run on first, he throws six straight strikes. A grounder off his last pitch ends the game with a double play. LONDON, OHIO. The town is 20 miles beyond Columbus, a distance it must have taken Cartwright at least a day to walk. He probably stopped at the colonial Red Brick Tavern, built in 1836, which is still operating. The scene recalls base-

ball's early years. In the waning light of early afternoon Babe Ruth Leaguers are working out on one of the country's most picturesquely located diamonds—directly in the middle of a county fairgrounds racetrack. The 1850 atmosphere spills right down out of the cavernous grandstands onto the field. The outfielder is standing in both an outfield and an infield, and he plays with his back to an ornate white judge's stand.

SEKINOSFIELD, OHIO. At Wittenberg College pretty girls, flourishing fraternities and an uncommonly idyllic elm-shaded campus update Cartwright's game—to the 1920s. Some major league teams put the names of players on their uniforms; the fraternities at Wittenberg College have pioneered nicknames. When Pi Kappa Alpha plays Phi Mu Alpha, the Pikes' shirts' neatly sewn lettering carries such names as Boobie, New York or Hunch.

INDIANAPOLIS. Indiana's capital had a team in the National League for four seasons—1878, 1887, 1888, and 1889. As winner of the First Federal League pennant and as an original member of the minor league American Association, Indianapolis had a respectable record. The present Indiana, Class AAA, are respectable, too, although they do have something of an antic tradition. For one thing, they have an infuriating Indian mascot who dances around a wigwag in center field whenever the Indians score. One game this season, Tulsa players took out after the mascot. They caught him about halfway to center field, tied him to the flagpole and did not untie him until the half-inning was over.

In 1967 when Tacoma came to town for a four-game series, fire swept the visitors' hotel on the last night. Players had to evacuate down ropes made of knotted blankets. "Helluva thing," a Tacoma pitcher, Tom Mandile, said. "We lose four straight, and then they burn down our hotel."

And finally, Indianapolis' ball park is named Bush Stadium.

BRAZIL, IND. On June 1 sectional and regional tournament ball is still top-of-page sports news. Unfortunately, the Brazil sectional semifinal between the

Brazil Red Devils and the Rosedale Hot Shots is doused by the spring monsoons.

"I hope you didn't come all this way just to watch a baseball game," a garageman says. "I've played on that field myself, man and boy, and I can tell you it'll be fit to catch cutfish in." THE NATIONAL ROAD. Cartwright's papers indicate that he traveled by the old National Road through Illinois to St. Louis, where he stayed a few days. Last summer the weather turned hot as well as humid, and baseball disappeared. Only in the gentle climate of early evening did children venture forth to play mixed games on pastures smelling of new-mown hay and shared with ponies.

"Tell them to wait until I make another hit," a lanky, gaunt-faced Illinoisan is said to have replied, back in 1860, when his turn at bat was interrupted. A delegation was waiting to tell him he had been nominated for the Presidency.

Six score and eight years later, dedication has died down somewhat. But on half a dozen local stations Harry Caray's cracking accent conveys excitement, militantly unsuppressed, to The Cardinal Baseball Network. Conversation pauses around Sunday dinner tables and porch swings cease squeaking so people can hear about the 3 and 2 pitch to Lou Brock. As is customary, St. Louis, one of the strongest baseball towns ever since its first organized game in 1860, beats the Mets 6-3 and 3-2. JEFFERSON CITY, Mo. The purest baseball ambience in the length of the land is to be found here in Missouri. Come evening, the only statically crowd noises bouncing off the ionosphere anywhere in this somnolent area come from KLJK, Jeff City, courtesy of Ku-Ku Drive-In. Nobody is tuning in St. Louis. The reassuring sounds are all there: the tock of the bat, the pauses, the pitcher penalized for going to his mouth, the comforting cadences of announcers speaking their liturgy of clichés. But the familiar Saxon names of batsmen are in unfamiliar order. Not major league, certainly. Tulsa? Quincy? No, this is Republic playing Jefferson City, and the league is American Legion.



Save for a baseball doubleheader last-
ing into the small hours, the city is closed
down tight at sunset. That late the
stands out at the ball park are full of
fans shielded by windbreakers from the
soggy air and the clammy breezes that
bend dark heavy trees out of the sur-
rounding blackness into the light. They
say oldtimey fan things like, "You ever
seen those old catcher's mitts? Kid gloves
give more protection."

The game—a taut, engrossing final
of an invitational tournament—is won
by Republic 4-3. Jeff City runs off the
field yelling colorful ballplayer sayings
like *FX\$%*. The Republicans jump into
each other's arms saying *Wow*.

At early breakfast the Republic team
is celebratory, but Manager Doug
Greene is solemn as a judge, which he
is. "We have a lot of boys with active
bodies and strong minds who might go
sour if they didn't have something to
occupy them," he says. "We scout for
these boys all over southwest Missouri.
Most come from real small towns with-
out high school teams. The result is that
some have gotten scholarships: our third
baseman to Arkansas, the shortstop to
Arizona State, the centerfielder to Kan-
sas State. Jerry Carroll will be drafted
this year, and my son Terry may be
next year."

Players cheerfully agree that their
home towns are little. "My town is so
small all the street signs are on one post,"
an infielder says. "And mine," says a
pitcher, "is so little it's only there three
days a week."

FOUR O'Clock, Mo. From this point on
there are entries in the Cartwright di-
ary against which its accuracy can be
tested. Cartwright's party came through
here, not that there is anything to com-
memorate the visit. A plaque marks the
beginning of the Federal Government's
survey of the Santa Fe Trail, a west-
ernmost U.S. fort constructed by Wil-
liam Clark of Lewis and Clark and the
place where 82-year-old Daniel Boone
rested on his last long hunting trip. With-
in home-run distance of the plaque, Lit-
tle Leaguers play ball. They have all
heard of Boone and the trail; not one
has heard of Alexander Cartwright.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo. Bruce Cartwright
Jr.'s summary of the journal says,
"A J.C. Jr. and his friends joined a party
under the leadership of Colonel Rus-
sell, an ex-Army officer and frontier char-
acter; wild, woolley and very dissipated
as they afterwards found out. Under Col-
onel Russell's advice they moved to
Boundary to rest up and got things in
shape for their journey. They remained
here a week."

On April 23, 1849 Cartwright wrote
in the diary: "During the past week
we have passed the time in fixing the
wagon-covers, stowing away property
etc. varied by hunting and fishing, swim-
ming and playing 'Base-ball.' I have the
ball and book of rules with me that we
used back home."

"Tonight we held a council and de-
cided to strike out for California along
the Santa Fe Trail until we reach the Or-
egon Trail, then follow that to the South
Pass and then North of the Great Salt
Lake in the land of the Utes, through
the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Cal-
ifornia. . . ."

KANSAS CITY, Mo. The most prominent
visible evidence of Alexander Cart-
wright's game is a gaunt steel-and-con-
crete structure, set close by the Negro
slums that were put to the torch in last
April's riots. This is Municipal Stadium.
Looking at the whole milieu, one feels
stirrings of an unexpected emotion: sym-
pathy for Charles O. Finley. But new
Owner Ewing Kauffman starts with one
big advantage: convenient new rubble-
paved parking lots.



Symbolically, Kauffman, who
had to sell off 19,100 shares of stock in
his pharmaceutical company to buy the
expansion-team Royals, attended West-
port High School within a couple hun-
dred yards of Cartwright's games with
trappers and Indians. "I had the nor-
mal youth's interest in baseball," Kauff-
man says. "I played in grade school and
high school. Since I was small and un-
derweight, I had to pick a position oth-

ers didn't want, so I claimed to be a
rightfielder. My parents couldn't give
me a lot of material possessions—I
played with a cheap dime-store glove—
and I never dreamed I'd ever be able
to own a team. No, I never had a de-
sire to be a major-leaguer, and at 51 I
don't think I want to get in condition
to work out with the team like Gussie
Busch. Anyway, I'd rather play golf."
St. JOSEPH, Mo. St. Joe, another for-
mer outstopping point for the trails west,
is north of Independence, now a steady
urban void, and Westport, a small sec-
tion of which is reconstructed as a West-
ern-motif shopping center. Cartwright
never got up this far but the NAIA
National Baseball Tournament is being
played here.

"I wish I could go," a motel owner
in nearby Wathena says. "That'll be
good entertainment." Right. How dull
is this? In the ninth inning of the first
game, two out, 3 and 2 count, 2-1 score,
the pitcher for Pfeiffer College (of Mi-
senheimer, N.C.) is detected going to
his mouth. The Central Washington bat-
ter trots to first. Rhubarb. After an arm-
waving consultation, the Pfeiffer man-
ager establishes that the pitcher was off
the mound. Central Washington rhubarb.
Batter returns to plate and fouls
off two strikes. Pitcher bears down and
strikes him out.

Or, in the first half of the first in-
ning, Eastern Michigan's Jay Schwalen
walks the first man, then stops a smash
and throws to second. The infielder drops
the ball. Next batter Steve Gerke beats
out a perfect bunt. Bases loaded, none
out. Crack. Hop, hop, *thung, thung*.
Eastern turns over one of the most dif-
ficult double plays, shortstop to home
to first. Then, a dribbler through the in-
field sprawling fielders cannot quite
reach: score one. Gerke tries to steal
home and is thrown out.

The showmanship is all first-rate from
warmups on. Helium lights come on.
An incandescent cloud of insecticide
drifts in from right field. A good or-
ganetto plays. William Jewell College of
Liberty, Mo. executes well-choreo-
graphed pepper and fungo in left field,
Eastern Michigan in right. The lower

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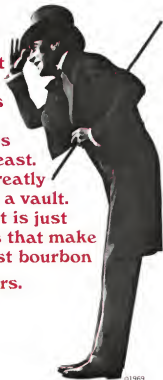
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minors are dead. But at this small-college championship the lights are brighter and the infield smoother than they ever were in the bush leagues. The outfield walls are green and devoid of advertisement, the clumps of juniper grow on a grassy bank outside the third-base line.

Baseball may be too slow for the man who has driven to a big-city game, risking his life and fenders in 20 miles of heavy traffic, fought his way into a remote parking lot and shouldered through a hot, beery, pushing crowd. It may be punishing tedious when the season is 162 games and the seats are \$3.50 and the league is 12 teams of often-shuffled faces and owners move franchises with the alacrity of boomtown madams. Or, it may be, baseball is dead—as paying businesses—in all but the biggest cities with television markets and mass audiences, the partly captive audiences trapped in the ghettos of urban congestion. But in the small cities and country towns, as an amateur sport as Cartwright knew it, baseball survives—and has claws the majors could imitate.

"The college game may be beginning to replace the old minor leagues," says Fred Flook after his Jewell team had won 4-3. "The coaching is better, and so is the play."

But Flook, the picture of a manager, handsome with his cap on and balding with it off, is frank to admit that the game is not what it once was. He has seen too much of the old kind for that. "I was the third of four boys and we played since we could pick up a glove," he says. "We were born on a farm near Olathe, Kans. and would milk 15 cows and play ball afterward. Our dad always had time to play with us. Back when Father played, it was all local ball. Just like a Sunday social, home-made ice cream and all. When I was coaching at Coldwater (Kans.) High School, I drove to Buffalo, Okla. to play on a town team, but mostly it was semipro, sometimes against men who made the big leagues. Now, the neighborhood I live in, there'll be sandlot games once a week. There are organized kids' leagues, but by the time a boy is 15 or

16, he's been drilling eight or nine years and he's bored. I try to keep our practices a relaxation period. We choose up teams and just play, or play Indian baseball."

"Funny, Jewell hired me as a gymnastics instructor. I knew of Liberty years before I went here, because they used to have mule sales and my grandparents would come over. It's near the original home of Jesse James, you know, and the site of his first bank holdup, in which a Jewell student was killed. I guess James still holds the local stealing record."

WESTPORT, KANS. From Cartwright's diary, April 24, 1849, Tuesday: "The weather being clear and warm and all nature smiling propitiously, at 7 o'clock a.m. we started under the guidance of Colonel Russell. The company consists of 32 waggon and 119 men. We were off for the 'Gold Diggins' of California. . . . A cover of luxuriant grass covers the Prairie, dotted here and there with clumps of gaudy wild-flowers. . . . At 3:30 o'clock we came to a frog-pond where we decided to make our first camp. We formed our waggon in a 'Coersl' which did not present a very showy appearance, it being the 'maiden essay' of most of the Company. . . . We travelled 28 miles all of which I walked."

The first sign of baseball on the old trail in 1908 is at a grade school 1.1 miles west, where a little grass-plot diamond is singularly silent on a smiling June Sunday midafternoon, reflecting the decline of the pickup game everywhere. The only small boy in sight is too busy to play baseball; his older sister is teaching him how to ride a bike. MISSION, KANS. Innumerable motorbikes, cycles, swimming pools and tennis courts later, a gaggle of little girls is found practicing at a church on Santa Fe Drive. Woman (throwing out the moppet equivalent of fungoes): "Play in right field, Tricia." Tricia: "I forgot where it is." Woman (undaunted): "All right, Trish. Catch this on the fly." The ball falls in front of Trish, who waits, immobilized by terror, for it to bounce toward her. The ball hits her calf. "Ow," she protests. She hops up and down in

pain. End of a right fielder's career. JOHNSON COUNTY, KANS. Baseball has come to resemble the lightning bug: dormant during the day, alive and lit up at night. As darkness falls, the game is marked by light standards towering above the horizon. The biggest such moth attractor in Kansas is the remarkable Johnson County 3 & 2 League facility, which looms up on the old trail itself. On eight fully equipped well-lighted diamonds, 18 boys' leagues, composed of 154 teams and some 2,800 players, run off a summer schedule of more than 1,400 games. Scores of cars crowd the parking lot and hundreds of paying spectators watch teams in five categories of talent or throng the carnival-like midway connecting the fields. Hundreds of players in all sizes and colors of uniforms clatter along the walks and warm up among the refreshment stands. The whole enterprise requires a 65-page bound book of rules, instructions and schedules.

"We think this is the biggest youth sports complex in the country," cheerleads 3 & 2 Secretary Helen Hudson, a bright-eyed chatterbox of a baseball fan. "We have \$240,000 invested in the grounds and an annual budget of \$80,000. There are 360 more boys in the morning baseball school, too."

Three boys from the program have been drafted by the new Royals. By the way, did you know Ewing Kauffman has a team out here? It's called 'The Sociables' after the breath tablets his company makes. He calls it his interim team."

DE SOTO, KANS. In a tropically soft evening, the State Bank of Spring Hill is playing. Or rather, the teen-age proxies of State Bank pose and play before a full complement of those pretty Kansas girls on a field freshly lined with on-deck circles and coaches' boxes. Beyond the left-field fence couples gather on the tennis courts for square dancing—music playing, huge gallon pitchers of refreshments, the women in bright wide-skirted dresses and the men in string ties. Drifting sounds collide. "Hand over hand around the floor, promenade back—He's out—like you did before."

LAWRENCE, KANS. A few Kansas University grad students desultorily toss a ball around, but over at Haskell Institute (near where Cartwright saw his first "Indian signs") the ball field is dead. Here, Cartwright wrote, "it was decided to put out guards from now on as we are coming into the hunting grounds of the Indians."

BIG SPRINGS, KANS. Cartwright got up at 4:30 Thursday morning, April 26, 1849, after walking 15 miles the day before. The wagons rolled from camp at 6 o'clock. "Everyone in fine spirits," he noted. Near here, at a Baptist mission, he saw his first Indians, Pottawatomies. "One young fellow on horseback I shall never forget; he was a perfect Apollo in shape and sat his horse—a beautiful spirited animal—as if he were a part of him. He was dressed in a blue 'breech-cloth,' a bandana kerchief in turban form around his head, his feet shod with neat, close-fitting moccasins, while for upper dress he had about a dozen kerchiefs of different gay colors, the ends knotted together on one shoulder with the flag-ends passed under the opposite arm and streamed in the wind." If Cartwright played baseball at that campground, it must have been near the ball field which is now close by the mission—small, but lighted for night games. The next day, 30 miles away, he listened to an early settler tell of "vast herds of buffalo that at times covered the country" and "went after plover, many thousand of which were flying about. In a short while we bagged a mess and soon had them strung on a stick and broiled in the primitive Indian style."

The sharpness of detail and the accuracy of observation in the passages copied directly from Cartwright's journal remove any question that might be raised about its authenticity. He was there, and he wrote down what he saw. TOPEKA, KANS. An Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe softball team has recently defeated Dustin Optical 6-1 to remain unbeaten. Texaco, Hallmark Cards, the Kansas Reception and Diagnostic Center and Indian Dry Wall have also felt the wrath of the Santa Fe. The Santa Fe coach says that his highballers have

attracted as many as 2,500 spectators to tournament games and invites the inquirer to tonight's game against Dry Wall. Unfortunately, the railroad is washed out by one of those melodramatic Kansas thunderstorms which splatter the whole sky with oil-paint colors and lightning. Rain gushes, hailstones tattoo and Santa Fe Park, down by the levee near where Cartwright crossed the Kansas River at Papasa Ferry, is wetter than Noah's raincoat.

In big, precise, dark-green block capitals the backstop wall is lettered ROSSVILLE. It is pure cool green nostalgia. You can almost see the watermelons, the boaters and derby hats of spectators, and the ballooning knickers and flat-topped caps of the players.

HANOVER and HOLLENEBERG, KANS., FAIRBURY and HERRON, NEB. In all the little towns along the Little Blue, the big sports news is the College World Series at Omaha, in which Harvard and



ROSSVILLE, KANS. After crossing the Kansas, Cartwright wrote: "There was much quarreling today and this evening we held a council and decided to 'split up.'" There are no further notes for 18 days.

Up the storied valley of the Big Blue, in this typical prairie town, the archetypical Sunday semipro stadium survives. Great oaks march down to the foul lines, ring the outfield and shade the little grandstand, neat in white paint.

Southern Illinois have just lost their first games. Alexander Cartwright, who conceived of baseball as a game for gentry, would have been greatly gratified by Harvard's participation and downcast by its defeat, on the assumption that it was still a school for gentlemen. Here however, it was Southern Illinois' loss that was resented, largely because the Salukis had introduced four—count 'em, four—bat girls.

Alooe Spring, Hollenberg Pony Express Station and lined-inhabited old burying grounds with small blank rocks as anonymous headstones bring back the frontier. One can roll with Cartwright over the blue-green hills and swells along the Little Blue, cresting rise after rise with awesome views of an ocean of rippling chest-high flowering grasses, each time dipping back into hollows redolent with mint and fragrant herbs crushed under wagon tires, hooves and boots. A theatrically *Götterdämmerung* sunset lights the river blue and gold, and then there is cricket song and dark.

MINDEN, NEB. Somewhere in the long twilight of the night before the rolling country has changed to Platte flatlands, the lush high grass has begun to give way to short dry buffalo grass and wild wheat, and the once muddy rivers meander through low sand hills. They are now so clear that big fish seem to walk through the shallow water on their ventral fins. Signs are planted in the center of Minden's Main Street, across from the white-domed courthouse in its leafy square. They announce, "Legion Baseball Today."

FORT KEARNEY, NEB. This section of the diary is lost. But Fort Kearney was a major supply post for emigrants, and Cartwright surely stopped here, as almost all pioneers did. During the summer of 1849 there were as many as 500 wagons clustered around Fort Kearney and at the nearby trading post of Dobe-town, and 175 soldiers stationed at the fort itself.

Westward from Fort Kearney, the still unspoiled natural grassland presses in upon the irrigated cropland along the Platte. The grassland turns in the south into low, sun-flooded, buff-colored hills, familiar as the backdrops for Remington paintings of pony soldiers in pursuit of aborigines. One range of higher hills, from which silent Sioux watched wagon trains, swells up for some height, but subsides again. Not until the ascent of the divide between the North Fork and the South Fork of the Platte did the wagoners get a taste of the mountains to come. A trail of precious possessions, discarded, would later mark

the long upgrades, but at first the prospect of those weirdly configured hills was exhilarating after the weeks of flatness.

And here occurs another direct quotation from Cartwright's diary: "We reached the top of a very high bluff, from whence the most magnificent view burst upon us. Hundreds of feet below us lay ridge after ridge of bold bluffs in every conceivable variety of shapes . . . while far in the distance could be seen 'Ash Hollow' filled with trees and covered with a rank growth of wild vines. Farther off we saw the waters of the 'North Fork' rolling along with its swift and turbid current. The pencil of Cole or the pen of Irving alone could do it justice."

Legendary Ash Hollow lies there still, much as Cartwright described it. A traveler these days can sense something of the emigrants' pleasure in the place by climbing up Windless Hill in the evening, feeling the air warmer on his face where the setting sun has touched high ground later than the valley, to look down where ropes and tackle tortuously lowered prairie schooners. Deep ruts still lead to beautiful Ash Hollow below, and in the violet and lavender hills and purple ravines coyotes still bark and howl.

There is one present-day campground at Ash Hollow, a spacious one. Visions of little kids playing Cartwright's game on the very sites of his wagon circles, particularly this favorite one, had beckoned all the way from Pittsburgh. There are none. In fact, not one pickup sandlot game was to be found anywhere along the route from Illinois to Wyoming.

McGREW, NEB. Here, beyond the great stone monoliths of Courthouse and Jail Rocks, a little cow pasture of a baseball field is distinguished by having equidistant views of even more famous Chimney Rock and Castle Rock, which figure in almost all accounts of covered wagons and which must be the most mythic trailmarks since Moses' pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. Chimney Rock, that portentous finger of rock pointing to the sky, is visible through the crude net

backstop on a direct line through home plate and the pitcher's rubber. You have to hope that the McGrew team, whose name two little Sioux girls playing nearby do not know, is called the *Dangerous Dons*—and that it is suitably inspired by the view.

GERING, NEB. Kid-leaguers of wholly unmajor reticence and epitude have at passing pop flies on four immaculate diamonds. Behind the pack looms historic Scotts Bluff. The small fry are oblivious of it, but Cartwright saw "immense bluffs most fantastically and curiously shaped." Here he first tried packing with mules. He struck out for Fort Laramie with one Caleb Boylston and several animals, including two named Billy Button and Mulligan. "Just as we were congratulating ourselves and agreeing as to the superiority of packs over wagons," he wrote, "Billy Button's pack took a turn and came under his belly. My eyes! There was a go, and not the only go either, for the unfortunate Billy's lariet was fast to my pommel and as he started off, my saddle turned and out I came. Away went Billy with his pack and my animal with his saddle, and away went Cale on his feet Mulligan . . . and in a twinkling he lay on the prairie . . . We could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure we cut."

After a long, hard walk (unarmed, in Indian territory), the two trailed the runaway mules to the hut of Mr. Robidow, a famous trapper and trader who had sold them the animals. "He laughed heartily at our mishap and invited us to stop a while and refresh ourselves." Robidow served them coffee and buffalo meat, and would not let them leave until they had a drink of what he called A-No. 1 Brandy. "Of all drinks," Alick wrote, "that was the damndest. I can compare it to nothing but liquid hell-fire. I writhed and twisted in agony. My contortions of visage *must* have been fearful. Rushing to a bucket of water I caught up a tin cup full and tossed it down my throat, but this only appeared to aggravate it. I could hear my stomach hiss as the water came in contact with the fiery fluid."

TOXINGTON, WYO. The first unmistak-

able sign of baseball is the sight of a man and two boys flailing at a row of shrubbery on West C Street, bending over and peering intently at the ground. "Which side did it go on?" they query plaintively. It is that classic American vignette, *The Lost Ball*.

Here in Torrington are the first unorganized games—even games of catch—seen since Illinois. There are too many to be coincidence: picnickers, little girls playing between supper and bedtime, a group of young men in Pioneer Park playing until after dark, proud of their ability to stop the unseen ball by following its sound.

FORT LARAMIE, WYO. "Sure, they used to play baseball at Fort Laramie way back," says a Park Service ranger. "They played right out here on the parade ground, in front of Old Bedlam, the unmarried officers' quarters. There was organized ball here at least as early as the 1880s, when Colonel Burt was commanding officer. He learned his baseball at Yale, and he was the first officer ever to associate with enlisted men playing games."

The ranger unearths a remarkable picture of an early Fort Laramie team, rare evidence of a little-known facet of frontier life. He also digs out a biography of Burt and we discover that that worthy had been captain of the Yale team in the 1850s, just about late enough for Cartwright's game to have caught on at New Haven. An excerpt from the book reads, "In later more tranquil years, at the usual variety of military stations, he [Burt] had much time for his own pursuits. The Indians merely required paternal surveillance, and there was only an occasional white man's riot to quell. He entertained celebrities, displayed his fossil and Indian collections, invented a better shelter tent, became the best rifle shot in the Army, composed a successful melodrama for stage-happy Buffalo Bill Cody and organized baseball teams at every post."

"Baseball was the most favorite pastime," says another ranger, "next to drinking cheap whiskey. We still have kids playing out here sometimes, right

where a visitor could get shocked on the head. We have to run 'em down to the flat."

GLENROCK, WYO. It is 19-7 in the sixth inning, an oil well pump is grasshoppering beyond the right-field fence, and the four-foot batsman is named Dean. This has to be a Wyoming Little League game. A quarterhorse mare and her spin-dly-legged colt stand outside the park, the entrance to which runs under a wooden railroad trestle, and within a cen-

not satisfied. "C'mon, get the lead out," he requests.

A little tow-headed, blue-eyed, freckled girl about 6 years old, one of at least four look-alike brothers and sisters, happily initiates a conversation with a stranger. "That's my cousin Donny out there," she confides. "Donny Reynolds. He wears a red hat. I have a cousin Kenny in Little League, too. I don't know what color hat he wears. Donny is the one near the man in blue."



terfielder's throw of the diamond is a monument to the wagon trains that camped on this very ground within the memory of present residents. Alexander Cartwright camped here, too.

CASPER, WYO. In Babe Ruth Stadium there is a new Service League pitcher because the starter has committed the indiscretion of wild-pitching with the bases loaded. "After one-half inning of play," the announcer intones, "for Big Horn Life we have eight runs on three hits." The Big Horn Life manager is

That is reasonable, since Donny is coming to bat. Unfortunately, he flies out, but by that time his cousins are too busy playing in the sand behind first base to notice anyway.

JEFFREY CITY, WYO. In this uranium shanty and trailer town, population 800, the Game of the Week is on. At one of the city's two nameless cafes—boasting, honest truth, a paint-by-numbers nude over the bar—tiny portable color TV vies with jukebox country and Western. Amidst the collection of Western hats

watching the game sits a Hemingway type in frayed demi-derby and rusty-red mustache and beard. The Tigers fall far behind the White Sox, and attention languishes.

LOGAN, UTAH. The top-of-page headline in the *Herald Journal* blares:

**AL'S, CHEESE, HARDWARE
TEAMS WIN IN GAMES**

CARLIN, NEV. Four tykes from a trailer camp, one a Basque boy, arrive at bot, treeless, grassless City Park trailing gloves and bat. A Southern Pacific diesel idles beyond outfield fence signs advertising an iron mine, and a long-unlined block C marks the dusty foothills above the desert-quenching Humboldt River. More even than in most kids' games the object is less baseball than bickering. The catcher misses the pitcher with almost every throw, and each time the chucker screeches, "Awright, Ronnie, you go chase it." The pitcher has his own control problem. When the yard-high batsman refuses to offer at any of a bed assortment, the Basque first baseman loses patience. "If you don't swing," he threatens, "we're gonna hafta fast-pitch you."

RENO. The Reno Silver Sox look up, interested, when a skinny, bespectacled sportswriter walks in. "You another new player?" asks one Silver Sock. When the visitor says he is just looking for Duke Lindeman, he is directed to a cubbyhole under the stands by one Sock who betrays elder-statesman status by knowing the general manager's name. A locker-room sign lettered in red says, **DO NOT ASSAULT UMPIRES.**

"We had 31 guys in or out in a couple of days because the Cleveland Indians had 30 signees in college," GM Lindeman explains, between answering the phone ("Yes, ma'am, game time is 7") and making change for moppet concessionaires. He excavates statistics from the tiny concrete-block office he shares with a mimeo machine, boxes of bats, pipes and steel lockers. They show that the Sox have been leading the California League in hitting, that Shortstop Jack Heidemann (.342) is still third individually and that Catcher Rick Underwood is up there at .333. "Heidemann is the

kind everyone looks for," Lindeman says. "I'd defy any major-leaguer to make all three of the plays he made the other day."

In Moana Park, where outfield signs advertise, with fine impartiality, all three Republican candidates for Senator, Heidemann does look good against a Visalia team that had arrived in a bus marked Orange Belt Stages. He goes behind second on one ball, grabs it and in the same easy motion flips the ball with his gloved hand to the second baseman. Centerfielder Ed Southard makes a rouser of a diving catch of a windblown liner. Third Baseman Mike Parks, three days out of high school, a cocky young man who says he plans "to make the Bigs," drives in two runs with his first pro hit.

"But this is the good part," Lindeman says. "It's something else when they come to you asking if they have a future. What can you tell them? They're limited? It's a business. Pretty brutal. You get attached to these kids. They're a nice bunch."



These are not the bush-leaguers of yore, jokers staggering around under fly balls and relaying throws to the hotdog vendor. The sparse crowd still vanishes almost immediately after the game and the lights still go out quickly to save electricity, but now wives—a pretty collection, as ballplayers' wives always are—wait outside the dressing room with babies in their arms. They look too young to be wives, just as their husbands always look too young to be—some of them—two years away from the Bigs.

LODI, CALIF. The name of the man who discovered gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848 was James Marshall. By one of those graceful coincidences whose meaningfulness is exceeded only by their extreme improbability, James Marshall is also the name of the manager of the professional baseball club nearest Sutter's Mill in 1968.

This Jim Marshall, rookie skipper of the Lodi Crushers, is an amiable ex-Cub outfielder whose Nixon nose and sky-blue eyes are contentiously wrinkled by an easy grin. "I just can't tell you enough about minor league baseball," he says. "The inspiration and desire of the American boy to succeed hasn't lessened at all. When I returned from the Orient [Marshall played three years with the Chunichi Dragons] I wondered if players here would work as hard as Oriental boys do. But my boys have shown me a lack of nothing."

"Sometimes they do wonder, I think, if anybody upstairs really cares. I constantly let them know that Mr. Wrigley and Mr. Holland do care." Does the manager, Mr. Marshall, care? There are subtle clues. A notice on the dressing-room wall reads, "SHAVE ONLY AFTER BALL GAME [signed] Manager." Manager protests the handling of the game that night with so much spirit that the umpire not only throws him out and calls him a nasty name, but also summons the police and forfeits the game 9-0.

Marshall's Japanese orientation fits right into the Lodi mode. In an area rich in Japanese-Americans, the Crushers have a Japanese owner, program ads for Japan Air Lines and Pan Am to Tokyo, a large box reserved for the Nisei Society, a Japanese pitcher and a Japan Night.

The Crushers just plain have color. One good pitcher is a Cherokee Indian named Lloyd Kingfisher. Previously they had millionaire 20-year-old pitcher Lee Meyers and another pitcher named Fast, who was slow but went to the parent Cubs anyway because he had an excellent slinkerball.

Even the name has to be the best since the Mud Hens. "No, they're not ore Crushers," Marshall corrects. "They're grape Crushers. No, they don't report for work in bare feet. They had a contest to pick that name. Some of the other suggestions were Idle [Lodi backward], Lodi Stars and The Stompers."

After the game, the grape Crushers adjourn to a café. The topic is the

usual one for ballplayers. "Don't call her so often," one player is saying to a teammate. "Pretty soon she'll get used to the idea."

Someone tells about the umpire whose kid still puts his thumb in his mouth. "He'll outgrow it," the umpire's wife says. "He'd better," the umpire retorts, "if he wants to be a pitcher."

"There really aren't any problems to being married to a pro ballplayer," the wife of Modesto Pitcher Mack Sinnott says over a hamburger. "Except moving."

"And maybe like tonight," Sinnott admits. "We were too late to take the team bus, so we drove from Oakland. So what happens? Our car won't shift into third. We drive into Lodi in first and second. I keep fiddling with it—and finally get it into reverse. Naturally, it stays in reverse. We've been driving around the back streets, backwards. Finally I backed into a service station and got it in second. We will now drive back to Oakland in second gear."

OAKLAND. The grass-banked circle of Oakland Stadium looks like the Yale Bowl. Tickets are bought at what are obviously telephone booths and the grim dingy concrete ramps are the underground-parade setting for a gangland murder. But the scene inside—except for those softball uniforms the A's wear—is pure National Pastime. Good-humored vendors in boaters and striped shirts yell, "Hey! Co'naal hot dogs!" The crowd is genteel, not the backroom beer drinkers of most Eastern parks.

With two on in the fifth, there is a murmur of apprehension. "That's Big Frank Howard," a father tells his son. Somehow, Big Frank looks too large for the playing field but too mild for his largeness. Almost before the pitcher lets go of his first pitch he is swinging. The ball blurs off his bat, headed in a straight line for the top of the center-field bleachers. He makes it look so easy even the Athletic fans applaud.

Oakland chances and interest fade. A kid stomps on a cup to make it pop. "Hey, fella," an adult yells, "you got that firearm registered?"

SAN FRANCISCO. Here Alexander Cart-

wright arrived at last on August 10, after five months on the road and a pause in Sacramento. An old newspaper quotes him: "Captain Seely and I turned our attention to mining but after looking over the field we wisely decided that other openings offered greater inducements to men of our class. We proceeded down the Sacramento River to San Francisco."

And so the diary ends. In San Francisco, Cartwright met his brother Alfred, who had made better time sailing around Cape Horn. Alfred wrote his wife, "Alick arrived . . . in good health after a very long and trying journey. They lost some of their mules and broke their waggons, and were obliged to abandon most of their truck, so that Alick says, 'They had what they had upon their backs, and a cup and a spoon apiece left.' Now where do you think he has gone to? Why, to the Sandwich Islands."

So he had, and for a time he absorbed himself completely in business in Honolulu—ocean trade, ship chandlery and banking. Cartwright became a diplomat for five Hawaiian rulers, from Kamehameha IV to Queen Liliuokalani, and handled the personal financial affairs of the monarchy. He became one of Hawaii's leading figures, founding the Honolulu Fire Department (which he served as chief from 1850 to 1859), Queen's Hospital, the American Seamen's Institute, the Honolulu library, Masonic Lodge 31, Bishop & Co. (now the First National Bank of Hawaii), the Honolulu Rapid Transit Bus Company and the Commercial and Pacific clubs. Before her death, Queen Emma designated her close friend Cartwright—and his "heirs and assigns forever"—executors of her estate.

But all through these years, Alick was also thinking of baseball. His family joined him in 1851 and the next year he and his youngest son measured out by foot in Makiki Park the dimensions of Hawaii's first baseball field. Rebuilt by the bug, he organized teams and taught the game all over the islands. By 1900, eight years after his death, a regular baseball school and club teams were in full operation.

In 1938 Honolulu changed the name of Makiki Park to Cartwright Park and celebrated Cartwright Day. Babe Ruth paid a visit to Nuuanu Cemetery to lay flower leis on Cartwright's grave. In 1939 a plaque was dedicated at City Hall, a street was renamed and a Cartwright Series was inaugurated by the Hawaii Baseball League.

To this day Hawaii, where baseball began before its introduction in some parts of the mainland, claims to have more players per capita than any other state. The Hawaii Islanders, though usually low in the Pacific Coast League standings, are always high among the minor league attendance leaders. And



nowhere in the world can one find more colorful and racially heterogeneous baseball than in the state where vendors hawk sashimi, salmon, crackseed, leulau and poi along with their peanuts, popcorn and Crackerjack.

Forgotten though he may have been on the mainland, Cartwright was scarcely underestimated in the Islands, as may be judged from this Honolulu newspaper clipping, brittle with age: "His name should be revered by posterity for all time," the unsigned writer said, "and be emblazoned on the tablets of fame somewhere near that of George Washington, the Father of his Country. Mr. Cartwright was the Father of the Na-

tional Pastime. . . . Oldtimers here say that when the fecklessness of age prevented him from participating actively, he occupied the seat of honor at all the matches and was always an enthusiastic rooster."

After mentioning that the original ball was still in existence, the paper continued with what it claimed were old residents' recollections of things Cartwright had told them but what in fact were pirated portions of a series of articles by Will Irwin on the origins of baseball that had appeared in *Collier's Weekly* magazine.

"It dawned upon the pitchers after a while that they could deceive the bat-

ter like the petals of a tulip. The seams were always spitting and bunching. The size and weight of the ball together with its rough and uneven surface, caught without gloves, battered the players' hands all out of shape, and the game was denounced by the New York *Herald* as . . . barbarous.

"As soon as the war was over Mr. Salzman, who took the game from New York to Boston, went to Charleston, South Carolina, and the game took a firm rooting there. Savannah then 'caught' onto it, and in 1867 sent a team up to Charleston, accompanied by a bunch of rosters and a band of music, to play for the baseball championship of the South. The blacks, reveling in their release from bondage, swarmed about the sidelines and hurled epithets at the white men on the diamond. The players charged the Negroes with their bats and a regiment of soldiers had to be called out to quell the riot."

Cartwright occasionally wrote to the old Knickerbockers. In one letter, dated April 21, 1858, he asked, "What are my old friends doing, Alick Drummond, Bill Tellman, Duncan Curry, Charlie Birney, Charlie De Bost, June Stagg and all the rest. . . . How flourish the Knickerbockers?" The Knickerbockers did not flourish for long—1858 was the year the first national association of baseball clubs was organized, and the Knicks were defeated in their attempt to gain control of it.

Another letter that survives is one written by Cartwright in 1865 to De Bost, who had captained the Knickerbockers: "What pleasant memories arise, as I read your dear, good letter. . . . Dear old Knickerbockers, I hope the Club is still kept up, and that I shall someday meet again with them on the pleasant fields of Hoboken. Charlie, I have in my possession the original ball with which we used to play on Murray Hill. Many is the pleasant chase I have had after it on Mountain and Prairie, and many an equally pleasant one on the sunny plains of 'Hawaii nei. . . . Sometimes I have thought of sending it home to be played for by the Clubs, but I cannot bear to part with it, it is

so linked in with cherished home memories. . . .

"Once on a time I heard that a lithograph of the old members of the 'Knickerbockers' was to be published. Was it ever done, or if not is it not possible still to have it done? It would be interesting as a memorial of the first Base Ball club of N.Y., truly the first, for the old New York Club never had a regular organization. I will give \$100—or \$300 toward its publication. . . .

"Though by no means rich, I am independent and occupy an excellent position in society. I have every reason to be satisfied and grateful, and I am. I have a few spare thousands in Uncle Abraham's bequeath (6% Bonds, Gold), my health is excellent and always has been, my children are as good as most, and my wife is too good for me. . . ."

William Edward Cartwright now lives in Missoula, Mont. where he will be host to the world ski-bob championships next year, but at the time of the search for his great-grandfather Alexander he was living 50 miles north of San Francisco, high in the dry, fecund hills above Santa Rosa, with a German-born wife, Anne, charmingly earnest in her hospitality; a daughter, Anna; and 13-year-old Alexander Joy Cartwright IV. Bill Cartwright is a bluff, amiable man with a constant supply of cigars in a sports-shirt pocket. He takes pride in showing his treasures, remarkable heirlooms that speak of his family's unusual past. He has a massive old black walnut buffet that came around the Horn in 1851 with Alexander's family, a minutely detailed ship model that A.J.C. Jr. had in his New York office and a six-generation-old pre-Revolutionary Revere mug that belonged to his great-grandfather's great-grandfather. But most of the pieces are gifts from the Hawaiian queen, Emma, to her most trusted adviser. These include her own marble baptismal font, a candelabra given to her as a wedding present by Napoleon III, a delicately carved ivory chess set and polished bowls made of coconut and coral.

"Great-grandfather was also Peruvian consul in Hawaii, and my father was an envoy to Samoa," Cartwright said,



ters by certain twists of the ball. . . . In 1848 they changed the method of putting a man out on bases to the present rule—"Catch him out at first, touch him out at second, third and home." At this juncture the runners took to sliding bases to avoid being touched out. The batters learned that better results could be obtained by making frequent short hits than constantly slugging for a home run [a short-lived lesson]."

The 1850s ball, the paper (and *Collier's*) reported, was so lively that one dropped from a house top would rebound to the roof. "The first baseball manufacturers were shoemakers. They sewed on the covers in quarter sections shaped

paging through an unpublished account of that adventure. "They made him a chieftain in Samoa. The title is hereditary, but you have to go there to get it. Somehow, I haven't made the trip."

"Captain A. J. Cartwright Sr., Alexander's father, was a merchantman in the grain trade to Portugal who was captured in the War of 1812. His ancestors were sea captains from Nantucket. I've been interested enough to do some research before that and shook all kinds of strange people out of the family tree; Lady Godiva, Mark Antony—not Cleopatra, unfortunately—and a famous pirate who became the first owner of Concy Island."



Bill Cartwright has donated most of his ancestor's papers to the Honolulu Archives, but he does retain some portraits of Alexander, notably one showing him as he was when he left New York. But no one has the original Knickerbocker ball. "My father saw it once," Cartwright remembers, "but when Grandmother died the family lived in a hotel for a time, and the ball was definitely lost."

Young Alexander Joy Cartwright IV, although he likes to play baseball (he is a Giant fan, and Juan Marichal is his favorite player), has other interests, too. "I just thought I'd try butterfly collecting, and the first day I caught 14," he explains, his eyes lighting up as he begins a tour of a bedroom walled with mounted specimens. "This blue one is a *Morpho polyphemus*, and this is an *Ornithoptera*—that means birdwing, because it looks like that for protection. Did you know most butterflies have something in their bodies that tastes yickity, and birds know it by instinct? I'd like to be a lepidopterist when I grow up. . . ."

When Alex's lecture tour was finished and it was time to leave, Bill remembered a couple more items of interest. "We have a nugget of gold Great-grandfather picked up in California," he said,

displaying an astonishingly large lump of metal "Right off the ground." The visitor exclaimed over the nugget and remarked what a fine thing it was to hand on to future generations. "Yes," Cartwright said. "I just hope Alex doesn't hock it to buy more butterflies."

"Oddly," he continued, "my grandfather never cared at all for baseball—only horses and women—and I've never played on a team myself. I was more a football player."

"The San Francisco Seals—Lefty O'Doul was their manager then—visited Hawaii in 1946, and when they heard about me they invited me to see them at the Maui Grand Hotel. 'Are you really the great-grandson of the man who laid out the diamond and all?' somebody asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'Have you ever played ball yourself?' somebody else asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'What position?' 'Oh, fullback and quarterback.' Lefty O'Doul just roared. 'Get him out of here!' he said." So all the San Francisco Seals threw Alexander Cartwright's great-grandson bodily out of the room.

With Bill Cartwright's help, the visitor found the only other surviving descendant of Alexander Cartwright Jr., granddaughter Mary Check. A sweet and pungent lady in her 70s living in San Francisco south of Golden Gate Park, Mrs. Check suggests that this scarcity of kin may be another reason Cartwright's contribution was so long unknown: "Two daughters died, one of scarlet fever, and one son was poisoned."

Mrs. Check has a surprise—the actual old notebook containing an account of Cartwright's journey to California. William believes this to be the extract from Alexander's diary copied by his son, Alexander III; Mary believes it to be some part or version of the original. In either event, it contains some additional material, including a list of animals seen—"Prairie Hens, plenty; Plover, millions; Brown Wolves, plenty; Buffalo, 20,000"—and also Indians ("We have passed through and had intercourse with the following Tribes of Indians: Shawnee, Caws or Kansas, Delaware, Pottawatomies, Pawnees,

Sioux, Crows"). "I think this is the original journal," Mrs. Check says, "because the start of the trip to Hawaii is in the book."

Mary is the daughter of Alick's son Alexander III, the one who loved baseball. "Bruce didn't do anything but wear four-inch collars and gardenias in his buttonhole and his nose in the air," she says, "but my father played baseball constantly. They played without gloves, you know, and his fingers were all out of shape."

"We used to go to baseball games every Sunday. He took me before I could talk. I played baseball myself, any old position. I still follow the Giants and get mad at them. I used to cut school in the most polite way to watch the Seals. I had bands on my teeth, and I would go to the principal and tell him they hurt. We used to root for Truck Eagan, who was built like a truck and ran like one."

"Although Father was called Little Alick, he was 6' 4" and very heavy on his feet himself. He gave up playing when, one day, he planted himself on a base and his best friend ran into him, bounced off and broke a leg. Father said never again, and hung up his glove."

"Grandfather named me, but he died when I was 6 months old. Mother said he looked like Santa Claus, had a very keen sense of humor and just loved life. Father remembered his talking about how he crawled out the first rules in a notebook balanced on his knee and how he fiddled around with baseball a little while in San Francisco."

When Mrs. Check had told all she knew of her grandfather and the visitor had finished the 7-Up she had provided, the visit—and the long search for Alexander Cartwright and his invention—seemed at an end. Mrs. Check accompanied her guest to the door.

"Oh, there is one other thing," she said. "My father remembered having cut up a baseball when he was a child to see what was in it. He got the only licking of his life for it. Years afterward, he often thought that that might have been the Knickerbocker ball, the original baseball." **END**



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SCOUTING REPORTS

Assessments of all 24 big-league teams and the probable order of finish in each of the four divisions; by William Leggett and Mark Mulvoy, aided by Peter Carry and Roy Blount

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Baltimore in a Real Race



Strongest of the four divisions, the East should also be the most exciting. Detroit, Boston and Baltimore each won an American League championship in the past three seasons and with Cleveland and New York they made up the American League's first division in 1968. Only Washington, the sixth member, was weak. There was, as might be expected, no grumbling when this federation was put together. Geographically, it is perfect. As a division in which to make money, it seems just splendid.

Of last season's 15 top pitchers, 10 are in the division. Of 1968's top 17 sluggers, 12 belong to the East. There is one other factor that should add interest to this grouping: of the six teams, only Washington plays in what could be termed a new ball park. But even Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium is not like other new parks in that it is made for home-run hitters. Indeed Frank Howard led the majors last year with 44 homers.

What newness the Senators do have is Ted Williams, the rookie manager. Once Williams could hit for great distances. Now he must take over a team and an organization that seem a shambles. Still, Ted Williams plus cap, bat and ball days, should put the Senators over their alltime road attendance rec-

ord of 1,055,171 (they were only 30,000 short of that figure last season with Howard and cap, bat and ball days). The real problem is home attendance. It slipped to 542,052, and teams have cut and run from towns that drew many more people than that. For Williams to be considered a genuine success in the nation's capital he will have to avoid losing more than 85 games, the number the Senators lost in 1967 during the popular Gil Hodges' last year in Washington. (To Senator fans the loss column is all-important.)

Although most people tend to forget it, the Senators were in the first division as late as early May of last year. Then they fell all the way back to 10th—37½ games behind the pennant-winning Tigers. But Washington does have muscle. Howard is capable of improving on last year's output of homers. Brant Aiyca, who probably will play right field, hit a total of 54 home runs while playing in Buffalo, Washington and Venezuela last season. "Frank Howard," Aiyca said one day recently, "is going to have to hurry to lead this club in home runs this year."

Williams' special hitting project throughout the spring was Mike Epstein, the intellectual first baseman. Epstein got off to a bad start last season, but

after a refresher trip to the minors he returned to hit .276. Third Baseman Ken McMullen is one of the most underrated players in the league and pounded out 20 homers last year. Little Del Unser, who faded from close to .300 in early June to .230 by the end of the season, will have to have another quick start to help the Senators. Williams has done some spectacular things in his career, and if he can pass on some of his hitting ability to the Senator musclemen it would help baseball tremendously.

The world-champion Tigers, not surprisingly have experienced their first off-season sales. Always a hot baseball town, Detroit responded to the Tigers two million strong as the team won its first pennant in 23 seasons. The Tigers have the batting to make it two pennants in a row and justify the enthusiasm. But, oddly enough, they may not have the pitching, thus on a club that in 1968 won 40 times when tied or trailing in the seventh inning or later.

Dennis Dele McLain enters the season as the biggest of the team's many stars—Detroit has such a plethora that the payroll may approach \$900,000. He was fantastic last year with 31 wins and only six losses, but Manager Mayo Smith is realistic enough to know that if he gets 18 victories out of McLain this pennant race he will be in high cotton. What Smith must also hope for is a change in the career pattern of lefthander Mickey Lolich, winner of three games in the World Series against St. Louis. Lolich has a tendency to become effective only late in the season. During the past two years he has had poor records until August. Then he has hit his stride and won 19 of 22 decisions. This year in the new divisional setup the Tigers play 20 of their first 24 games against Cleveland, Boston, Baltimore and New York. They play a spate of 31 more games against the same clubs before August and do not meet them again until September. Lolich has to get off to a good start. Earl Wilson, the third starter, suffered four different injuries last season, and his record (13-12) dropped off from 22-11 the season before.

Al Kaline, the man who lit the fire under the Tigers in the Series, has spent most of the spring debunking the theory that he will play in barely 100 games in '69. At the age of 34, he has been hitting, running, fielding and throwing just as he did when he was a rookie off the sandlots of Baltimore. Kaline does so many things so perfectly that people sometimes overlook them. It is not merely that he throws well, it is that he never seems to miss a cutoff man when a runner could be advancing. It is not that he makes wonderful catches; it is the way he can use his shoulders and head to decoy either the man who has hit the ball or the runner on base who is watching it. Last year a pitched ball broke Kaline's arm and limited him to 102 games. He was a frustrated man as he watched his team win the pennant without too much help from him. His reward was the Series, which he said this spring, "was everything I dreamed it would be." It was everything Kaline-watchers hoped for, too. Almost certainly, his special following will see a lot more of him.

Once Smith was considered a very conservative manager. When he put Mickey Stanley at shortstop in the Series, however, that reputation evaporated. Smith has gambled extensively in his two seasons in Detroit, and he has also been the manager of a team which has won 194 games during that time. He may have to shuffle his lineup several times, depending upon the shortstop position. For now, since Tom Machuck did not hit this spring, Stanley will start at the position. With Jim (Grand Slam) Northrup, Willie Horton, Norm Cash, Dick McAuliffe, Bill Freehan, Gates Brown and Kaline, the Tigers have plenty of long-ball power. Freehan, hit by 24 pitches to establish an American League record last year, suffered a broken nose in Florida. If he continues to be bombarded and cannot catch most of the schedule for the Tigers, the team will be in trouble.

The Boston Red Sox also have a catching problem but, seemingly, very few others. Without Jim Lonborg at the start of last season, Jose Santiago from early July and Tony Conigliaro for the entire year, the Sox still finished in fourth place and drew a record 1,940,788 to tiny (capacity 33,375) Fenway Park. Now enter Ted Williams in the uniform of the Washington Senators, the first time at Fen-

way on April 23, the next in the Fourth of July weekend and the last during the first weekend in September. The old park might just burst at the seams.

Boston is both an exciting and young team. If Tony Conigliaro is able to come back, it will make for one of the truly remarkable stories in baseball history. His eyesight seemed good in spring training but the real test of his ability to hit will come during the regular season. If he cannot hit, his younger brother, Billy—also an outfielder—could be brought in to take his place. Carl Yastrzemski, the winner of two straight batting titles who has shown no signs of letting up, is the leftfielder, and Reggie Smith will be in center. Smith, an excellent centerfielder and base runner, might just be ready to achieve stardom in his third year in the league.

Ken Harrelson, who batted in 109 runs and hit 35 homers in '68, has always been ready for stardom. If Conigliaro plays right field, Harrelson will be at first base. The former first baseman, George Scott, is now at third after a terrible season at bat (.171 as compared to .303 the previous year). Assuming that Scott's hitting improves, the Red Sox are going to be a menace to pitch against. Their own pitching may not be of the caliber of some teams, but with Lonborg, Ray Culp and Dick Ellsworth, as well as rookie Ken Brett, it is not as bad as some have been saying.

But the solidest pitching in the league belongs to Baltimore. Virtually everything seemed to go right for the Oriole pitching staff this spring after two years of arm injuries. Marcelino Lopez, an often-disabled left-hander, was suddenly looking good again. Jim Palmer, a 15-game winner in 1966, continued to throw as well as he had in the winter league in Puerto Rico. If both can be added to Mike Cuellar, acquired from Houston in a trade, 22-game winner Dave McNally, 18-game winner Jim Hardin and 15-game winner Tom Phoebus, Baltimore should win this division.

Frank Robinson has looked like the Robinson of three springs ago when the Orioles won the pennant. The catching is strong with Clay Dalrymple and Andy Etchebarren, and John (Boog) Powell seems to have his weight under control. Powell was the leading RBI man on the team last season with 85. Brooks Rob-

inson was 10 below him, and Frank, because of injuries, was 23 below Brooks. Paul Blair (.211 following an ankle injury) will probably improve that average considerably. Don Buford, who hit .282 last season, can play infield or outfield, while Merv Rettenmund (.297 in 64 at bats) has a good minor league record. He could play quite a bit. Last year the Orioles found themselves too far behind at the All-Star break to do much catching up on Detroit. If Baltimore starts well, watch out.

The New York Yankees and Cleveland Indians both fall into the category of playable long shots, but each appears short of hitting. Alvin Dark, who was given a five-year contract with an attendance clause, has excellent pitching at Cleveland with Luis Tiant (21-9 and a 1.60 ERA), Sam McDowell (15-14 and 1.81), Stan Williams (13-10) and Steve Hargan. Dark utilizes an exciting running game, and he could improve on the Indians' third-place finish if Zoilo Versalles, back with the American League, regains the form that made him the MVP in 1965 at Minnesota. Max Alvis, Tony Horton, Jose Cardenal and Duke Sims are the team's best experienced hitters.

New York, minus Mickey Mantle, is now into its rebuilding program in earnest, and the future seems brighter than it has in recent seasons. Manager Ralph Houk did an excellent job last year as the Yankees finished in fifth place, and his pitching seems good enough to make the team tough. The main concern is whether the new-style running attack will produce enough runs to support that pitching. Twenty-one-game winner Mel Stottlemyre leads the staff, but Stan Bahnsen (17-12) and Fritz Peterson (12-11, 2.63 ERA) came through excellently in 1968. Joe Pepitone will play first, and nobody ever knows what that might mean except that the reactions from the crowds will be tumultuous. The Yankees are banking heavily on young Bobby Murcer, who was tremendously exciting during spring training. Bill Robinson and Roy White will also help in the running attack, but Tom Tresh will have to hit more than .195 for New York to continue to improve.

If Caliente had a spring line on this division, the place to put your money would be in your pocket.

CONTINUED

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

Two Managers and Two Teams



Billy Martin looks like Minnesota Skunky, the slack pool hall hustler ready to drop the eight ball in the side pocket or douse the lights and bolt away into the darkness if he misses. Hank Bauer looks like a Marine recruiting sergeant down at the depot with hair pricklier than thumbtacks. Martin and Bauer were part of the act that used to play Yankee Stadium for Casey Stengel, and they remember the pennants and the World Series and the parties—especially Martin's 29th birthday party at the Copacabana in New York. It ended not in the sports section but on Page One, and resulted in Martin's banishment to Kansas City.

Martin and Bauer are rival managers now and on the other side of the generation gap, Martin at Minnesota for his first try at the job in the majors; Bauer at Oakland, where Owner Charlie Finley keeps office space for passing managers. There will be no Yankee-style scenes until their teams can play and win the way the Yankees used to. Martin and Bauer have ordered their players not to wear Beatle-length hair or sideburns or alpaca sweaters or turtle-neck shirts or anything else that does not conform to the image of the typical 9-to-5 businessman. Bauer's Athletics will even wear matching blazers, shirts, ties and slacks when they go on the road. So straight has Martin's lace become that he almost choked over the lame excuse one of his players offered him after missing a bed check. "The kid thought

he could con a con man and lie to a liar," he said, shaking his head.

Since the Twins and the Athletics are the only decent teams in the division, it is obvious the pennant winner will be impeccably groomed and/or have the richest clubhouse treasury in baseball. Minnesota lost the 1967 pennant on the final day of the season in Boston, then collapsed miserably last year to finish seventh. So President Calvin Griffith fired Manager Cal Ermer, who was too passive and too permissive, and hired the irascible Martin to replace him. He will have in his regular lineup Harmon Killebrew, recovered from the ruptured hamstring that sidelined him the last half of 1968, Tony Oliva, Rod Carew, Cesar Tovar and new Shortstop Leo Cardenas. He also will have two of baseball's best but most petulant pitchers, Jim Kaat and Deo Chance. "We will beat any team that tries to beat us," Martin says emphatically.

Oakland will try to beat the Twins and may succeed, despite Martin's threat. In 1968 the Athletics would have won the pennant by three games if there had been a Western Division. They finished sixth though, so Finley fired Manager Bob Kennedy, whom baseball people thought had done a superlative job handling the A's young players. Kennedy was Finley's eighth manager-victim in eight years. Bauer was the second, in 1962.

Now Bauer will attempt to understand Finley once again. He will have the

youngest team in the major leagues (only one player, backup Catcher Jim Pagliaroni, is in his 30s) but also one of the best. The pitching staff, led by John (Blue Moon) Odum, Jim Nash, Jim (Catfish) Hunter, Chuck Dobson and Lew Krausse, had a 2.94 earned run average in 1968. The hitters, led by Shortstop Bert Campanera, the premier base stealer, and three Arizona State recruits, Rick Monday, Reggie Jackson and Sal Bando, had the best batting average in the league in 1968. "Sure it looks good," Bauer says, "but we still got to play the damn games. Nobody's won a pennant with their mouth."

Minnesota and Oakland can win the pennant on the field. All the other teams in the division can only dream of the '70s. The Chicago White Sox and the California Angels will battle for third place, hopefully with the same vigor they displayed last year when the aroused White Sox beat the Angels on the last day of the season to tie them for eighth place. To help prevent a repeat of that disaster, the Angels spent the winter acquiring two knuckleball relief specialists, Hoyt Wilhelm and Eddie Fisher. Chicago countered by: 1) moving in its fences; 2) installing a synthetic infield that cannot be watered down unless, as one Chicago player said, someone invents Astrowater; and 3) getting a computer to handle whatever ticket requests come in. Recently, the White Sox have been about as popular in Chicago as a Democratic convention.

The expansion Kansas City Royals and Seattle Pilots will match up for fifth and sixth places. The Royals, drafting a predominantly young team last fall, did manage to secure some quality pitchers, among them Roger Nelson, Wally Bunker and Dave Morehead. The Pilots drafted for experience, claiming veterans like Tommy Davis, who could win the batting title, Don Mincher and Gary Bell. In the end, the Royals probably will finish fifth, though, because it will be easier for their kids to maintain their incentive during August and September when 8-2 defeats will follow 5-1 defeats.

Ironically, incentive is the reason Bil-

ly Martin is managing the Twins, even though on paper Minnesota has an exceptional club. Killebrew was the home-run champion and drives in 100 runs just about every year. Oliva usually collects the batting title, and Carew always hits around .300. Cardenas was one of the best shortstops in the National League last year. Toivak plays eight positions better than any player in baseball. And Kaat and Chance both have won 20 or more games when they have concentrated on pitching instead of letter writing and fight promoting.

Nevertheless, last season the Twins were a dull team, so dull, in fact, that home attendance in baseball-crazy Minnesota dropped almost 350,000. "We needed life, we needed a kick," said Calvin Griffith during spring training. "I never saw a team play like our club did in 1968."

The players already know what Martin the manager will be like. He was loud and cantankerous at Denver last summer when he managed only 115 games but got tossed out of eight. Griffith, however, will be a surprise. He feels that his players took great advantage of him when they threatened to boycott the national pastime this season. For years he has been one of the game's most considerate owners. When players wanted a loan to open a business or buy a home, Griffith gave it to them and charged no interest. When players needed medical care for their families, they went to the Twins' doctors and Griffith paid the bills. When players encountered legal problems, Griffith always had a team of lawyers ready to defend them. "But I learned this year that I cannot treat players that way anymore," he says. "There will be a new atmosphere in Minnesota as far as I am concerned."

Last year Oakland, after more than a decade of frustration in Kansas City, matured into an outstanding team. If the Athletics do not win the pennant in 1969, they certainly will win more than their share of championships in the '70s.

"We still lack two things," said Jim Nash, the pitcher. "We don't have experience—we haven't been in a pennant race—and we don't have a real leader yet. But they both will come." When?

"I wish I knew," Bauer says.

Their starting pitchers and their bat-

ters could carry them this year. Odem, Nash, Hunter, Dobson and Krausse, all of whom are 26 or under, won 64 games among them last year, and both Odem and Nash had earned run averages under 2.50. Unfortunately, the young pitchers will have little help from the bullpen in 1969. Finley, in a fit of pique, permitted Jack Aker, a good reliever, to disappear in the expansion draft, then lost his No. 2 reliever, Diego Segui, the same way.

Offensively, the A's have plenty of punch, perhaps more than enough to offset their weak bullpen. Campaneris was the most offensive shortstop in baseball last year (a .276 batting average with 62 stolen bases), while Danny Cater, the first baseman, hit a solid .290. Monday, a demon in center field, hit .274. Bando, an improving third baseman, hit .251; and Jackson, a rightfielder whose throwing arm is matched only by Boston's Reggie Smith, hit .250 with 29 home runs and 74 runs batted in. One problem: Monday struck out 142 times while Jackson fanned 171 times.

"I have light-tower power, I know that," Jackson says. "So it would be acceptable if I could cut my strikeouts down to about 115."

Pitcher Gary Peters and Chicago wish they had a Jackson in their lineup. Last season the White Sox, who dropped out of the race when they lost their first 10 games, lost 44 games by one run, scored two or fewer runs in 92 games and were shut out in 23. Their leading run producers, Pete Ward and Tommy Davis, drove in only 50 apiece, and their leading hitter, Davis (.268), was lost in expansion. Surprisingly, Chicago did not make a move to correct the obvious deficiencies in its lineup. Instead, it is being hoped that Peters, who was a bad 4-13 in 1968, can recover from his sore elbow. Joe Horlen can get lucky for a change and Tommy John can simply pitch. Still, not even a healthy big three will be enough to save the White Sox from another losing season.

In California, Manager Bill Rigney, who is a bullpen man, will start four faceless kids whose last names begin with M and veteran George Brunet, then at the first sign of trouble he will call for Wilhelm or Fisher or Minnie Rojas. Rigney will operate with more authority this year now that Fred Haney has been retired as general manager. He said last

winter that he would trade any one of his players, and Shortstop Jim Fregosi joked, "They wouldn't trade me because they couldn't get the whole Kansas City and Seattle franchises in return." Rigney did not trade Fregosi, but the shortstop took a salary cut. He also lost 18 pounds on a crash diet, but as he said this spring, "I'm still a strong Italian." A strong Italian and a bullpen full of knuckleballers will not be good enough this year. The Angels, who led the league with 1,080 strikeouts in 1968, need some hitters. When Rigney noticed a television man taping the sound of a ball hitting a bat, he said to him, "Save that. I might want to hear it sometime this year."

One of the expansion teams will have the privilege of being the most successful expansion franchise in 1969. Kansas City probably will be it. Manager Joe Gordon seems to have a way with young talent, and in Kansas City that really is all that he has. "We have them playing a lot of pepper and trying to learn bat control," Gordon said. "The ground-keepers don't like it because it chews up the grass. They want to grow grass instead of ballplayers. I want to grow ballplayers."

Ewing Kauffman, the Royals' president, has promised the people in Kansas City a square deal, something they felt was missing during the years of Finley. Fifth place would be a square deal.

The Seattle Pilots and their manager, Joe Schultz, expect to finish third, ahead of the White Sox, the Angels and the Royals. Most likely they will finish behind all three. Schultz must be basing his optimism on the fact that he spent the last six years coaching for St. Louis.

"I've got guys who can run," he says. (Schultz is talking about the Tommy Harpers, not the Lou Brock.) "I've got guys who can hit," he says. (Schultz is talking about the Tommy Daveses and Don Minchers and Rich Rollinses, not the Roger Marises and Orlando Cepedas and Tim McCarvers.) "I've got guys who can pitch," he says. (Schultz is talking about the Gary Bells, not the Bob Gibsons.)

Yes, it will be a long year in Seattle. "Why did I ever leave the Cardinals?" Schultz asks. "Well, if you're going to get fired, you might as well get fired doing it yourself." Schultz will not do it himself. His players will do it to him.

CONTINUED

The Cards Are Marked Again



Had the St. Louis Cardinals made no moves at all to strengthen themselves for the 1969 season, they would still be lopsided favorites to win in the East. Last year by Aug. 1 they were 14½ galloping lengths in front of second-place Cincinnati. They won the race by nine, and ordinarily a team that well stocked has difficulty strengthening itself from the end of one season to the beginning of another. The Cardinals are an exception.

General Manager Bing Devine went to work even before the World Series ended and picked up a man to hit third, Vada Pinson. Later came a cleanup batter (Joe Torre), a proven starting pitcher who knows the National League hitters (Dave Giusti) and two pinch hitters (Bob Johnson and Bill White).

The initial problem for any team facing the Cards will be how to handle the first three men in their order: Lou Brock, Curt Flood and Pinson. Each is exceptionally fast and capable of confusing defenses by either bunting for a hit or driving a ball for extra bases. Very few batters ever obtain a total of 200 hits in a season. Between them, Brock, Flood and Pinson have accomplished this eight times. Defensively, their speed is almost as devastating. They can cut down seriously on an opponent's extra-base hits.

Torre and Pinson had relatively bad years in 1968, since the .271 each hit was well below his career average. Twice Torre has knocked in over 100 runs, and the same is true of Pinson. "The trade that brought me to the Cardinals," Pinson said this spring, "makes me feel like a rookie again. I've got something to prove here." (He seemed to be proving it in the exhibition games, with a batting average close to .300.) Torre, acquired from Atlanta for First Baseman Orlando Cepeda, was amazed at being traded to St. Louis. "I had thought," he said, "I would be going to New York. For a hitter, the chance to hit behind Brock, Flood and Pinson can only come once in a lifetime."

The remainder of the lineup is also exceptional. Mike Shannon is now a gifted third baseman after two seasons on the job, and he drove in 79 runs in 1968. Julian Javier and Dal Maxvill are the best double-play combination in the league, and Catcher Tim McCarver, whose batting average dropped 42 points in 1968, seems to have reacquired some of his fire.

Manager Red Schoendienst has six potential starting pitchers, and only one of them, rookie Mike Torrez, did not start as many as 30 games last year. Torrez, a handsome, hard-throwing right-

hander, has been the most impressive of the Cardinal pitchers in the exhibition games, although lefthander Steve Carlton, whose record of 7-1 early in 1968 dipped to 13-11 by the end of the race, now seems more mature and capable of fulfilling the promise long held for him. There is not much more anyone can say about Bob Gibson. His earned run average (1.12), wins (22) and shutouts (13), plus his performances in the World Series against Detroit, are superlatives enough. Ray Washburn (14-6 and a 2.26 ERA) and Nelsco Briles, a 19-game winner, will also start. Giusti, playing with the nonhitting Houston Astros, lost four games last season in which he was shut out but still ran up an 11-14 record. He will find working for a team of hitters more rewarding.

The remainder of this division is difficult to assess. New York's Mets, for example, lack many things, among them reserves. The best thing that can be said of the bench is that it is made of wood; the worst thing, that it is made of deadwood. Two youngsters, Amos Otis, a third baseman, and Rod Gaspar, an outfielder, have been impressive during the spring. Tommy Agee, the centerfielder, may be ready to become the player the club thought it was getting when it traded for him before the start of last season. Manager Gil Hodges' biggest experiment this spring was shifting Cleon Jones, his best player, from the outfield to first base. After a terrible start in 1968—he was hitting as low as .223 on Memorial Day—Jones ended the year the sixth top batter in the league with an average of .297.

Had Jones hit well earlier, there is no telling where the Mets might have finished, because their pitching, the team's claim to respectability, was strong. Tom Seaver won 16 games for the second straight year, and with only minimal hitting support would have won 20. Lefthander Jerry Koosman was the rookie pitcher of the year with 19 victories and an ERA of 2.08. The best young pitcher seen anywhere in Florida this spring is another young Met, 22-year-old right-hander Gary Gentry. He will join Sea-

ver, Kosman, Jim McAndrew and Don Cardwell or Nolan Ryan in making up the Mets' five-man rotation. Gentry is a product of Arizona State, where he had a record of 17-1 in 1967. McAndrew, 25, comes from Lost Nation, Iowa and broke into the majors last year by having his teammates shut out in five of his first seven starts. Only a little bit of hitting could jump the Mets in the standings if the young pitching holds up.

Leo Durocher had only one bad year as manager of the Chicago Cubs, his first. The last two seasons have seen Chicago finish third to put some life back into the old town. The Cubbies led the league in homers (130) and team defense (.981), but the pitching staff ranked ninth and, worse, gave up eight more homers than Chicago hit.

Over the winter Ted Abernathy, one of the game's most durable relief men, was returned to Chicago in a trade with the Cincinnati Reds. Abernathy has averaged 73 games a season the last four years. He will join Phil Regan, who had 10 wins and 21 saves for Chicago in 1968. Ferguson Jenkins, of course, is Durocher's top pitcher. The winner of 20 games in each of his first two seasons as a starter, Jenkins led the league in strikeouts last year with 260. He also pitched in nine games when the Cubs did not score for him at all. Bill Hands, the team's best relief pitcher in 1967, made the transition to starter and won 16 games while allowing barely one walk per nine innings pitched.

Throughout the training period First Baseman Ernie Banks was predicting another Cub pennant, just as he has for 18 years. At 38, Banks is coming off a season in which he hit 32 homers and drove in 83 runs. Nobody has ever correctly predicted what Banks might do during his career, so it is useless to try to do so now. He is one of the six solid players who make up the backbone of the Chicago club. The others are Billy Williams, who has now played five consecutive seasons without missing a game and last year hit 30 homers with 98 runs batted in, Ron Santo, who had the same number of RBIs but a fallen batting average—246; Second Baseman Glenn Beckert, who continued to improve and batted .294; Shortstop Don Kessinger, who led the team in sacrifice flies and stolen bases while batting .240; and 26-year-

old Randy Hundley, whose batting average dropped off to .226 but whose durability—160 games—was remarkable for a catcher. Durocher has the nucleus for an outstanding team but seems short of outfielders and consistent pitching. And that was his basic problem last year.

There is a new stadium abuilding in Pittsburgh that next season will house both the Pirates and the Steelers. If that does not bode well for sports in this country nothing ever will. The Pirates came home sixth last season, the Steelers last in their division of the NFL. The baseball Pittsburghers had racial problems, injuries and a cheap front office. In the expansion draft they lost Maury Wills, Donn Clendenon, Manny Mota and Al McBean, which is a lot. Still it is hard to ignore them or to downgrade their chances. Last year they had too many injuries for any team to overcome.

Under Manager Larry Shepard, Pittsburgh's pitching improved vastly despite the ineffectiveness of Jim Bunning. This spring Bunning found the new low mound to his advantage. Should he continue to prosper, pitching might well become the Pirates' strength. Steve Blass won 18 games and lost only six last year. Bob Veale, although he had a losing record of 13-14, compiled the third-best earned run average (2.06) in the league. Bob Moose's 8-12 record went with a good ERA of 2.74.

The infield will be changed and suspected until the new hands prove themselves. The only oldtimer is Bill Mazeroski, for the umpteenth time at second. The outfield is thoroughly tested, maybe too thoroughly. It will consist of Willie Stargell, who had many injuries in 1968 and hit only .237; Matty Alou, a very underrated player who has now hit .342, .338 and .332 over the past three years; and Roberto Clemente. He tailed off from .357 to .291, had shoulder problems last year and has complained about them again this spring.

Not far from Pittsburgh is Philadelphia. That town too has professional baseball and football teams, the Phillies and Eagles, and soon they will be in a new ball park. The question is, will Richie Allen ever play there? Or will he have destroyed the Phillies or himself by the time it opens?

Either course seems more likely than that Allen should settle down and be-

come the superb player he could be if he ever stopped wasting his potential. Last year Allen, at .263, finished under .300 for the first time since he became a rookie in 1964. But he still hit 33 homers and drove home 90 runs. He also struck out 161 times. If Manager Bob Skinner can get Allen to the old ball park on time, his sometime third baseman will have a bigger target than ever. The fences have been brought in, as much as 37 feet in center field.

This season Shortstop Don Money and Outfielder Larry Hise should be ready to play in the majors. They are good, and the Philadelphia future rests heavily on them. The present has a lot to do with John Callison, as well as Allen. Callison, who knocked in 101 runs three seasons back, tumbled all the way to 40 last year. The rest of the team seems to be a little bit old or quite a bit injured.

The newest form of bones around are writers and broadcasters who explain to their readers what certain baseball terms are in French. (A home run in French, for anybody's information, is four bases, the same as it is in English.) The new Montreal Expos, however, have more than a language problem. Whether it is called *la neige* or snow, the fact is there could be quite a deal of the white stuff in tiny Jarry Park (capacity 30,000) by the time they hope to open their season there against St. Louis on April 14.

As a team, the Expos have two stars who might draw people to those early games to freeze, Maury Wills and Rusty Staub. They also have in Gene Mauts a colorful manager, Jim (Mudcat) Grant is an Expo, too. So is Larry Jaster, the young leftlander who shut out the Dodgers five times in one season when he was with St. Louis.

Wills will play shortstop and, despite his advancing years, will bring some action to Montreal. Staub, only 25, comes to Canada by way of Houston, where he had three fine years in a row. With Donn Clendenon, Bob Bailey, Mack Jones, John Bateman, Jose Laboy, Manny Mota, Jim Farenty and Floyd Wicker, the Expos are dangerous enough hitters to raise themselves out of the snowdrifts, or even above one of the other teams having a bad season. But St. Louis is the sweltering town in the division. The Cards should stay hot all year.

CONTINUED

Old Saws Over a New Mays



Between chaws on his wad of gum and violent tugs on the visor of his scarlet cap, Manager Dave Bristol of the Cincinnati Reds can spout the longest stream of vintage bromides in baseball. "A win in April," he said only the other day with what seemed unsailable logic, "is just as important as a win in September." True enough, if this were 1968, or any earlier season. But it is 1969, and a Cincinnati win in this April of the new schedule will be more important than a win in this September. The Reds play nine of their first 11 games against the Giants and the Braves, their principal challengers. Come September and there may not be too many important games left for the Reds.

Fortunately for Bristol, his team seems primed for its best pennant run since 1964, when the Reds lost out to the St. Louis Cardinals on the final day of the season. Jim Maloney, their top pitcher who was unable to pitch in rotation until the first week of May last year, reported on time for a change and will be ready for Opening Day. Pete Rose, best batter in either league last season, says that another hitting title and a divisional championship will earn him a raise greater than the \$15,000 increase he

needs to become the first singles hitter to sign a \$100,000 contract, and adds, "I'll get it, don't you worry."

Finally, Catcher Johnny Bench provides Cincinnati with superiority at perhaps the most important position on the field. When Luman Harris, the manager of catcherless Atlanta, was asked, "How good is Bench?" he could not answer. Instead, he gazed longingly out across the baseball diamond, dreaming, maybe, that Bench was a Brave.

Despite the Reds' advantages on paper, they certainly will not laugh their way to the pennant in this tougher division of the National League. San Francisco, the perennial Avis of baseball (four successive second-place finishes), has a new manager, pitching specialist Clyde King, who says he will not wait for home-run happenings. Instead, he will attempt to manufacture single runs whenever possible. His idea is that the little numbers will add up to a big No. 1 finish.

Atlanta needed a leader on the field, so Paul Richards, the general manager, acquired First Baseman Orlando Cepeda from the Cardinals. But to get Cepeda he had to strip himself of his catcher, Joe Torre. In recent years only the Baltimore Orioles have won a pennant with-

out an established catcher. And now Cepeda may not be able to lead the Braves. It seems that Manager Harris not only dislikes stereo music in his clubhouse, he will not allow it. Cepeda had an extra locker stall to store the musical equipment that blared noisily at the Cardinals. Without his sounds in Atlanta, he may not qualify as a leader.

While the Reds, Giants and Braves quarrel among themselves, the Los Angeles Dodgers will sit cozily along the perimeter, ready to invade the big three at the first sign of weakness. Last year, when the Dodgers finished in a tie for seventh place, they called their season "Operation Bounceback." Presumably 1969 will be "Son of Bounceback."

The Houston Astros can only hope that the expansion San Diego Padres show proper respect for their elders and not attempt anything absurd, like finishing in fifth place, one step ahead of the Astros.

No matter which team wins in the division, its rewards may be thin if the pennant race is not tight. A repeat of last year, when St. Louis won the pennant by nine games, could be disastrous financially. The established teams in the West all have suffered severe decreases in home attendance the last few years. Cincinnati, for instance, was down to 733,354 paying customers in 1968 and had only four crowds over 20,000. In Los Angeles, the Dodgers' attendance for 1968 was off by more than one million from the pennant year of 1966. And in Houston, as one Astros player said this spring, "People have stopped coming just to see the Dome. Now they want to see baseball."

Attendance problems aside, Cincinnati will be the team to beat. A year ago the Reds dropped out of the pennant race on April 16, five games into the schedule, when it was time to begin the pitching rotation again. Their attack, led by Rose, was the most awesome in baseball, with six regulars hitting over .275. Their pitching staff, unled, was the worst in the National League. If Rose had been able to hit against his own pitchers in 18 games—a privilege af-

continued



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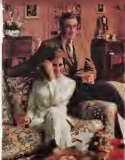


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forded each of his rivals, he might have hit .400—not just .335.

This year the Reds again have more than enough bats in their lineup, although General Manager Bob Howsam did debate the attack by trading away Outfielder Vada Pinson and Shortstop Leo Cardenas. Rose, a centerfielder now, Bench, Infielders Tommy Helms, Lee May and Tony Perez and Outfielders Alex Johnson and Bobby Tolan not only are outstanding hitters, they all can run.

More importantly, Cincinnati has a pitching staff that does not need a group arm transplant. Having opened last season with only one starting pitcher in good working order, the Reds now have at least seven experienced starters ready to pitch whenever Manager Bristol calls. Righthanders Maloney and Gary Nolan, strikeout pitchers who developed shoulder injuries in 1968, are particularly ready. Maloney's soreness was the sort of thing he experiences every spring. He needs at least six weeks to work his shoulder into shape, the length of his annual holdout. When he did get into condition last year, he went on to win 16 games, including shutout victories in his last three starts.

"I was here the day they signed the players agreement," Maloney said in training camp. "I don't want anything to go wrong this year. We all are thinking about the World Series."

For Nolan, who still is only 20 years old, the shoulder injury was a new and fearful experience. After winning 14 games as a rookie in 1967, he suddenly found himself back in the minor leagues last spring. Just as suddenly, when the condition improved, he was back in Cincinnati, finishing the season with nine victories and only four losses. "I have not had any real trouble with my shoulder since then," Nolan says.

As difficult as the Reds appear to be, the Giants are conceding nothing to them. Although King knows pitching, his heaviest task will not be with the Giants' starters. Last year San Francisco had the astounding total of 77 complete games, or one almost every other day. Juan Marchal, with 30 of these and 26 victories, was the perfect stopper. In 1968 the Giants lost three successive games on six occasions; Marchal stopped the losing streaks five times.

A true picture of the Giants' chances

is contained in these statistics: last year San Francisco had more errors, more passed balls and fewer double plays than any other team in the National League. Three regulars led their positions in errors. Offensively, the Giants were so weak that Gaylord Perry lost 11 games when his team scored two runs or fewer. Ray Sadecki was shut out eight times and was provided with only one working run on seven other occasions.

This spring, seeking to alter matters, King moved Willie Mays from third in the batting order to leadoff. "I know he will get me some early runs for the pitchers," he says. In spring games the 37-year-old Mays went from first base to third on everything, even line-drive singles to left field by Ron Hunt, batting second. If Mays acts like a schoolboy all season, he will add a new dimension—offense—to the Giants' lineup.

Previously, as Mays says, they were "big shooters" ready to play "long ball." Willie McCovey can play long ball with anyone, but Jim Ray Hart and the Mays of today play it only in streaks.

Down in Atlanta, which is west of Savannah but not many other places, Paul Richards has developed another group of young starting pitchers to replace the group of young starting pitchers (the Cloningers, Lemasters and Blasingames) he traded away. The best of the new ones are Pat Jarvis, who won 16 games last year, and knuckleballer Phil Niekro, who won 14. With Cepeda, Hank Aaron, Felipe Alou, Rico Carty and Felix Millan behind them, these pitchers should get plenty of runs. They will need them. The Braves play defense like a Radcliffe touch-football team. When Shortstop Sonny Jackson picks up a grounder—which he does not always do—the throw to first base is as likely as not to wind up in the dugout or the grandstand. Hopefully, the Braves will find a catcher with a talent big enough to catch Niekro's knuckleball and back up first.

A leader in the new rehabilitation of the Dodgers will be Third Baseman Bill Sudakis. Last year he hit .276 during the final weeks of the season. So what? Well, he played all that time with his contact lenses in the wrong eyes. Sudakis will be the 16th third baseman the Dodgers have tried since they moved to Los Angeles in 1958.

A few other names to file away are

Bill Grabarkewitz, a shortstop, Bill Russell, a rightfielder, and Ted Sizemore, a catcher, shortstop, second baseman and outfielder. Someday they will be the big Dodgers. Right now, though, they are rookies. The big Dodgers still are Don Drysdale and Claude Osteen, Willie Davis and Tom Haller. This year the fans who do come out to Chavez Ravine should see more home runs, not because the Dodgers have moved their fences in but because they have moved home plate 10 feet out. They do things differently in California.

The original Astros all have left Houston. However, the product has not changed much from that first year when the then Colt .45s beat out the Mets for ninth place. Two pitchers, Don Wilson and Larry Dierker, and three hitters, Jim Wynn, Joe Morgan and Jesus Alou, represent the Astros' only real hope for this race and the future. Manager Harry Walker, who loves to teach hitting, should be very happy. He has about 25 players who need special instruction.

Buzzie Bavasi is running the expansion San Diego team, which means the Padres will be respectable. Their most exciting player may be a rookie named Clarence Gaston, a centerfielder with speed and power whom they selected from Atlanta on the 30th round of the expansion draft. Manager Preston Gomez promises that "I'm not going to sit with my arms folded and my legs crossed. I'm going to try to do things."

Bavasi's toughest problems so far have not been related to the playing field. For two months the Padres could not cut a mail slot in their stadium offices because of a technicality in their contract with the city. The telephone company needed more than a month to issue a number for the Padres' switchboard, and the truck carrying the only copy of the final proofs of home-game tickets turned over and burned. Finally, there was the night a club official answered questions from the audience at a banquet. One San Diegoan asked, "Does baseball have any plans for something like a Super Bowl at the end of the year?"

Yes, they call it the World Series, but San Diego need not worry about that this year. As Manager Bristol of the Reds says himself, "I like my ball club." Cincinnati probably will be there in October, playing them one at a time. **END**

PEOPLE

"We have nothing in common, but we find much to talk about," **Jean-Claude Killy** was quoted as saying of **O. J. Simpson** last week. The fact is they do have something in common and they may end up talking a great deal about it—they both want to drive the pace car at Indianapolis next month.

♦ The Italians took **Wilma Rudolph** to their collective bosom during the 1960 Olympics, and nine years later she is far from forgotten. Wilma is still so popular that two Roman newspapers have stirred up a rousing press war over her. First a left-wing paper published a series detailing Wilma's distress in the U.S., reporting, erroneously, that she was so poor that she had been forced to sell her gold medals and abandon her children (presumably in that order). Then a right-wing paper flew

her over to demonstrate that she was perfectly all right and the left-wing paper all wrong. Wilma said, in effect, that her present circumstances were not too bad, that they could be better and that she would like to make them better by doing some modeling. She slipped into the outfit below at the Galitzine fashion house and showed herself well equipped to model, which was fortunate, since the well-meaning Italians had been about to offer her a swimming instructorship at a Milan sports club. Wilma can't swim.

Two other well-known persons not quite going near the water are **Vice-President Agnew** and **Florence Chadwick**. Agnew has discovered that the official luncheon and dinner trail is adding extra pounds and he is trying to hold the line. Unfortunately the Secret Service makes him use elevators so he can't run up stairs as he did when he was governor but he has been pulling on the oars of his rowing machine. At the same time Miss Chadwick has joined a community course in San Diego to learn how to sail. She does not own a boat, she has never sailed on a boat, she has never crewed upon a boat but she now knows how to tie a clove hitch.

Prince Charles recently visited Sweden, and a London paper reports that he and Swedish **Crown Prince Carl Gustaf** spent a quiet day in the forest looking for elk. "Prince Charles was particularly anxious to see wild elk," a member of the royal party said later, according to the *Daily Mail*. "We wandered about vaguely making what we hoped were moose calls, but to no effect." Now that is not as dumb as it sounds. What we call an elk doesn't exist in Europe, although there is a relative called a red deer, and what Europeans call an elk we call a moose.



Perhaps whatever is there in the Swedish forest just isn't answering any calls until the matter is cleared up.

Tom Bradley, who was the first Negro on the Los Angeles City Council and may well be the city's first Negro mayor, was quite an athlete as a youngster. In high school he was an All-City tackle and did practically everything in track—he held the All-City and Southern California record for the quarter mile (49.4), and his Southern League long-jump record (23' 9½") stood for about 20 years. Now 51, Bradley speculates, "I put the clubs away six years ago and haven't been able to get them out of the closet since," he says of his golf; as for the calisthenics he used to do every morning, after an 18-hour day he no longer has the time or the strength. He remains trim as a whacker, however. When you're running you don't have to jog.

A plane chartered by the Buffalo Bills hit turbulence on a trip last fall, and Running Back **Gary McDermott** suffered a gash on the cheek that eventually required six stitches. While the stewardess was administering

first aid, Quarterback **Dan Darragh** moved in and introduced himself to the young woman, whose name was Ruth Randall. It isn't any more. Dan Darragh now has a wife. All Gary McDermott has is a small scar on his cheek.

♦ It just so happened that when the local opera association in St. Petersburg, Fla. began to cast *Conchita Ruricon* the St. Louis Cardinals were in town. There is a cardinal's part in *Conchita*, and the Cardinal chosen to play it was Pitcher **Nelson Briles**, whose qualifications included the lead in his Chico (Calif.) High School production of *Damn Yankees* and three bit parts when his college (Chico State) put on *Twelfth Night*. Briles said afterward that the single Saturday night performance had gone smoothly and was over well before his midnight curfew. "St. Petersburg is a retirement community," he pointed out. "Here things are usually over by 5." A few nights later, Briles was backstage at a performance of *Fiddler on the Roof*, talking with the cast. "Acting makes you a more cultured person," he explained, "and that's what I want to be."



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At the finish first is Finnish

Laconic Mauno Nissinen of the University of Washington left them speechless when he won the All-Around title in the NCAA championships

At the University of Washington, in Seattle, where the winter was green and the air is already sweet with spring, a 21-year-old Finn, born Mauno Aulis Nissinen and once known as Ugh, last week won the All-Around title in the

NCAA Gymnastics Championships and demonstrated what the faithful have always known—that the All-Around, with its 12 different events in two days, demands as wide a variety of skills as anything in sport.

Mauno Nissinen, who is nearly as comfortable on his hands as most men are on their feet, is a master of all these skills. Twelve years of grueling workouts have given him grace, agility, balance and strength. Heredity provided him with a body that is nearly perfectly suited to pleasing judges of gymnastics. And fate gave him a childhood in a land where sport is almost a requisite to existence. What do you dream of if you are a boy in Oulu, Finland, 110 miles south of the Arctic Circle? Each year there is a vote to determine the most popular man in Finland, and an athlete usually wins, beating presidents, premiers and movie stars. Mauno always voted with the majority. "My goal was to go higher and higher," he explains seriously, "to make the national team." Penn State Coach Gene Wetstone understands. "If you lived in Finland what would you live for?" he asks. "All you've got are pine forests, skunk and probably a cold gymnasium. Those kids devote their wonderful youth to sport."

Nissinen's family didn't discourage him. "They never ask me if I do my homework," he says. "They just allow me to go to meets. I make my own decisions from very young age. It was good that my parents never told me what to do." In more ways than one. The gymnast is a spiritual individualist. He is all alone on the floor, and if he can't cope with independence he doesn't succeed.

Mauno Nissinen's sport is obviously an extension of his life style. At 15 he was traveling around Europe by himself, going to meets. "I learned to get along by myself," he says. "I do not need to depend on anyone else." He

also doesn't need to converse. "He's an incredibly quiet person," says one of the few people he occasionally speaks to. It's unusual that he speaks so well, because he hardly ever gets any practice. "In Finland," Mauno says, "unless you know a person well you do not say hello to him." Because he often omits his definite and indefinite articles he was called Ugh at the Sigma Nu fraternity house, where he lived for a while after arriving in this country. "I go to gym now," he'd say, or, "He do good high bar routine." Mauno is really not shy, though when talking he looks away dreamily at times, and one gets the feeling that he would rather be alone. However, he is probably just thinking about gymnastics, for which he gave up a medical career. Pre-med studies cut into practice sessions, so before the last Olympics he switched to phys ed. "I was not ready to leave gymnastics," he says. "I had been thinking about Mexico for too long. And there were many meets to come after that."

The Olympics was the most important event of his life, although he knew he stood little chance of winning a medal. Unlike the Japanese and Russians, Finnish athletes receive no state support or scholarships, and Nissinen was aware that the differences in training would be telling. He performed better than any American, but came in 17th in the All-Around. Five Japanese and six Russians were among those who finished ahead of him. However, he took his 17th place philosophically. "I am young yet," he says. "I just try to do my best. If I do my best and still lose I am not disappointed, because I have really won."

At the NCAA's, however, he did his best, and really, really won. There was no doubt about the outcome after the compulsory routines on opening day. Nissinen's chief rival, Penn State's Bob Emery, who has a 25-inch waist and wears a size 40 jacket, was undone by the side horse, a harmless looking apparatus that is the sport's leading heart-breaker. The Russian, Mikhail Voronin, lost an Olympic gold medal at Mexico City because of a slip on it. Extend the concentration required of a champion diver or pole vaulter to 35 or 40 seconds and you get an idea of what is needed to survive what its victims call "the animal." Emery sat down in the middle



NISSINEN PERFORMS THE IRON CROSS

of his routine, a major point break, and four events later he missed his high-bar dismount. "I never did that before, not even in practice," he said in his room that night.

The compulsorys are the bane of American gymnastics, and none of the competitors was sorry when the first day ended. The latest routines have been around for nearly four months, but sometimes a Western boy learns them slightly differently from his Eastern counterpart, and there is only one right way, points being subtracted for departures. In Russia and Japan the finest gymnasts attend school and train together, and every two years, when an international committee issues the new compulsory routines, ambiguities are quickly ironed out.

The gymnasts looked forward to the second day's optional routines, which would give them a chance to express themselves. It is here that the vast complexity of gymnastics unfolds, the floor exercise, with its tumbling and twisting and brutal tests of the gymnast's balance, agility and strength, the side horse or "the animal", and the rings, predominantly a test of strength that develops biceps like grapefruit halves. The rigors of training do strange things to a gymnast's body. At the Olympics, a medical research team found that, as a group, gymnasts have a lower percentage of body fat than any other athletes, only 12%.

The high bar, more than eight feet above the ground, is the most dangerous apparatus in gymnastics and the setting for the most spectacular routines. Those who are best on it look like human windmills, hurling themselves into orbit, and seemingly defy a number of the laws of physics. One of these days someone will probably leave his arms on the bar. The tricky moves also require great courage. Abe Grossfeld, coach at Southern Connecticut State and a member of the 1956 and 1960 Olympic teams, compares the event with high-tower diving. "I once asked one of those circus guys why he never landed wrong," Grossfeld says. "We don't, that's all," he said. It's the same in the high bar. When you do a somersault off it you just don't land on anything but your feet." The high bar, side horse and parallel bars are Masumi Nishinen's favorite events. In the optionals,

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GYMNASTICS *continued*

his double-backward somersault, which wound up his P-bars routine, left spectators gasping, despite the fact that he fell on hitting the mat and had a fraction of a point deducted. On arising, Nissinen's icy calm broke for the first time in the meet, and he almost frowned. Mauno had known it was coming. "I should have stopped at my handstand," he said immediately afterward. "I felt a little dizzy and I landed too much backward."

By the final afternoon all but three teams—Penn State, Iowa State and Iowa—had been eliminated from competition for the team championship, and Bob Emery had just missed the happiest day of his life. He performed magnificently in each of six exercises, successfully completing a breathtaking $1\frac{1}{2}$ turn, twisting somersault dismount from the high bar; then he received the Nissen Award, given each year to a senior gymnast for "excellence in gymnastics, scholarship and sportsmanship." But the big prize eluded him; Penn State finished second. Iowa won the NCAA title, led by Bob Dickson, who breakfasted on four beers and has, to date, broken both ankles, both wrists and a toe, dislocated both elbows and suffered from bursitis in a shoulder, arthritis in his fingers and a bad back. "We'll win with wine, women and song," he had said, half kidding. "Well," he added, "it depends on what song. The wedding march has ruined a lot of good athletes."

That evening in the individualists' competition, Mauno Nissinen took third in a contest with high-bar specialists, an event that is roughly equivalent to Bill Toomey pole-vaulting against Bob Seegen. It was the last event of the meet. Many of the gymnasts spoke of laying off their routines for a while. Mauno was amazed. "I can only believe that some people here are just after scholarships or trips," he said. "If you want to be a gymnast you do it 365 days a year. Gymnastics has never been a way for me to get some material benefit. I would quit if I reached that point, but I just cannot live without it. Most guys here lay off and lose their shape after season. But then it's time when they are in best shape and should learn new routines for next season."

This spring, at the end of his junior year, Mauno Nissinen will return home, and next fall he expects to enroll in a Finnish university. The U.S. remains a

puzzle to him. It might as well be another planet. Just picture this scene. The ascetic Finn, silent and sober and craving quiet arrives at the University of Washington, and the athletic department finds him living quarters in a plush fraternity house on Greek Row. He keeps strange hours and talks to no one. Each morning at 7 he is in the hall outside his room, doing stunts on chairs, walking up and down the stairs on his hands. The brothers whisper about him. Soon it is spring. Many new faces appear in the house, dusting the furniture, washing the floors. One night he is awakened by ungodly screams and chants in the cellar. White-faced, he rushes across the hall, wakes someone up. "There is strange things going on," he whispers. "Go back to sleep, Mauno," he hears. "It's Hell Week." He is puzzled. A few nights later he comes home from a workout that he has sandwiched between classes and part-time jobs. "All these new guys were standing against wall with hands up," he recalls, "and brothers are kicking them in their butts. Those guys were only one year older than pledges, and they are telling them that they should change their attitudes, how they should study. I think that people old enough to go to college they should know what's best for them. Most of guys in house seemed very childish. Impression I got was they were away from home for first time. Their parents have overprotected them."

When the NCAA tournament broke up, a friend offered to finance a call to Finland so Mauno could break the news to his parents. "Maybe I'll fool them," he said, grinning. "I'll tell them I'm at Oulu airport." Evidently his parents thought it was a trick. After all, a call from America? "Mauno," he insisted. "Mauno," They finally spoke for about seven minutes. After he hung up he seemed dumfounded. As soon as his mother had recognized his voice, she congratulated him. Everyone in Oulu had already read the tournament results in the newspaper. Later Nasanen bumped into a Japanese teammate. "Menkoosmair obelle," the Japanese said. It was a Finnish phrase Mauno had taught him. Nasanen nodded assent. "What does that mean?" he was asked. "Let's go get a beer," he replied, putting on his coat. One beer—then to bed before midnight. It would be a very big celebration for Mauno Nasanen.

END

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As a member of that fading generation, I did not look with satisfaction—or even equanimity—upon the spectacle of 10-time Vanderbilt winner Howard Schenken bowing out before the quarter-finals. I saw George Rapée, who played on the team that won the first Bermuda Bowl event for us, eliminated in the semi-finals, even though his team included five other players who represented us in the World Championships: Edgar Kaplan, Norman Kay, Eric Murray, Sammy Kehela and Sidney Lazard.

What beat the Rapée team, however, was not age, two of them are under 40, three more under 45. Rapée himself is in his early 50s. But the four young Californians who beat them and went on to win the Vanderbilt—Richard Walsh, Jerry Hallee, John Swanson and the winner of the McKenney Trophy for the most master points acquired in 1968, Paul Soloway—behaved like a team of

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NORTH			
♦	J 8 5 4 2		
♥	7 3		
♦	Q 3 3		
♠	4 4 2		
WEST			
♦	K 10 7		
♥	Q 3 5 6 5		
♦	7 4		
♠	10 9 6		
EAST			
♦	A 9 6 3		
♥	K 10		
♦	A 10 8 4		
♠	K Q 3		
SOUTH			
♦	Q		
♥	A J 4 2		
♦	K J 9 6		
♠	A J 7 5		

NORTH (Schenken)	WEST (Walsh)	NORTH (Kehela)	EAST (Swanson)
1♥	PASS	PASS	DEB.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 7 of spades

destiny from the moment that they barely escaped elimination in the qualifying rounds. Their ages run from 26 to 33 and, since there were only four of them, they played straight through the Vanderbilt without substitutions.

Murray-Kehela's reputation for opening the bidding on very light hands hurt them in this deal from the semifinals, even though, on this occasion, Murray had full values for his bid.

It is most unusual to leave in a take-out double of a one-bid, but Walsh elected to do so because of the vulnerability and the Murray reputation for shoestring openings. The defenders followed up by plucking Murray clean.

East won the spade lead with the ace and returned the 10 of hearts! Murray might have done better by ducking this trick, but he figured that both the king and queen were behind him, so he went up with the ace and led the king of diamonds. West began an echo by dropping the seven, and East let the diamond king hold. On the following lead to dummy's diamond queen, East won with the ace, cashed the king of hearts and led a low spade. South ruffed with the 4 of hearts and got out by leading the jack of hearts to West's queen, dummy and East discarding spades.

West cashed the king of spades, on which South threw a club, and exited by leading the 10 of clubs. East continued to make it difficult for South to read the hand by playing the king of clubs, coaxing South to win with the ace.

At this point, Murray wrongly visualized the opponents' cards as:

♠ —	♠ —
♥ 9 8	♥ —
♦ —	♦ 10 8
♣ Q 9	♣ 6 3

He led the jack of diamonds, expecting that after West ruffed he would have to yield a trick to declarer's club jack. But when West ruffed the diamond he was able to put East in with the high club. West discarded his last club on partner's good 10 of diamonds and won the last trick with his remaining trump. Down three, for 800 points and 12 IMPs. At the other table, East-West bid and made one no trump.

The Walsh team went on to meet another powerhouse of international stars in the finals: Sam Stayman, Vic Mitchell, Tobias Stone, Phil Feldesman, Ira Rubin and Jeff Westheimer, and the match was extremely close for a while, but once Walsh had overcome a small deficit after the first quarter the inevitable result was apparent to all.

END



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No reason for Bull to cry

Over the years Claiborne Farm, located on the outskirts of Paris, Ky., has been one of the most successful breeding establishments in American racing. Such distinguished visitors as the Phippses and Woodwards have bred classic winners at Claiborne; and Claiborne's master, Arthur (Bull) Hancock, has always insisted—even as he watched champions by the dozens romp through his lush Kentucky blue grass—that "I'd rather win a Kentucky Derby than all the rest of the races in the United States put together."

So would a lot of other owner-breeders, of course, but this season it appeared that Hancock had come up with his best hand in years, a quartet of 3-year-olds: Drone, Dike, Jay Ray and Blade. When Hialeah opened in mid-January, and well before Top Knight and Majestic Prince had made such heroic names for themselves, any of the Claiborne four stood a chance to fulfill Hancock's dream. Then Jay Ray lost the Louisiana Derby to the Phipps' King of the Castle, and Drone was sidelined indefinitely with a knee injury on the eve of the Florida Derby. Hancock grimaced bravely and said he was reminded of an occasion during his youth when he tapped out at poker against some older—and more experienced—Kentucky players. One of them, pocketing Bull's allowance money, squinted over at him and said, "You're too young to die and too old to cry."

Last week at Aqueduct, Bull Hancock was neither dying nor crying. In fact he was laughing. First, Blade, the unbeaten son of Bold Ruler out of the Princequillo mare Monarchy, won his third straight race. An hour later Dike came from next to last in the nine-horse field and won the \$58,000 one-mile Gotham. He was first by a neck over Ogden Phipps' 1-to-5 favorite Reviewer, who was in a dead heat with Rooney's Shield, eight lengths ahead of Kanumera. Suddenly things were looking much better for Bull. Trainer Lucien Laurin and Claiborne Farm.

Hancock and Laurin have always had

a lot of confidence in Dike, a chestnut son of the French stallion Herbager and Bull's own champion racemare Delta, who is by Nasrullah. As a 2-year-old last season Dike won three of eight races and was second in two others, including a loss by only a head to King Emperor in the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity. Then he went to Florida, where, as Bull puts it, "he ran miserably, just like his mother, who could never do anything right in Miami. I don't think she ever won there." Dike couldn't win, or get very close, in three starts at Hialeah, and just when everyone but Hancock and Laurin were giving up on him he came back North to Aqueduct and won a mile race by six lengths in 1:36 1/5. Last week, with one tremendous rush on the outside on the far turn—and over a sticky off track—Dike and his jockey, Jorge Velasquez, ticked off the same distance in a very good 1:34 4/5, which brought him \$37,700 and increased his winnings to \$131,064.

Blade won his six-furlong race in 1:10 4/5 and worked out another eighth in 1:23 4/5. He may yet get a chance to go to Kentucky and, of course, Dike definitely will if he runs back to his Gotham form in the April 19 nine-furlong Wood Memorial.

Reviewer, who still has never been worse than second in eight lifetime starts, was going a mile for the first time. Unless he did not like the footing, he had no excuse, having been a head in front at the eighth pole. His Derby plans will depend entirely on what he does in the Wood. The Phippies are not what one of their friends terms "Derby kind of people," so only a sensational win in the Wood would guarantee Reviewer a trip to Churchill Downs. The same applies to most of the others beaten in the Gotham.

The Derby's Big Three are still Top Knight, Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters, but Master Bull Hancock hopes Dike will make it the Big Four in the three weeks remaining before the big pay-off in Louisville. He always has been an optimist.

END

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Breakthrough for the Kiddie Korps at Akron

Oldtimers have been doing surprisingly well on the PBA tour, but in the Firestone tournament, the sport's biggest and richest event, 23-year-old Jim Godman headed a lucrative charge by the "atraight ball" generation

U ntil last week's Firestone Tournament of Champions, the 1969 Professional Bowlers Association winter tour had provided something of an elixir for the game's grand old men, the veterans of the storied beer teams of the 1950s—the Budweisers, Strohs, Falstaffs and the like—and of the nickel and dime television shows of the same era which started bowling on the long road toward its current public acceptance as a spectator sport. Ray Bluth, 39, had won a tournament in Toledo, Ohio, Dick Weber, also 39, picked up his first victory in over three years in New Orleans, Don Carter, 41, had a sixth in Las Ve-

gas; 64-year-old Buzz Fazio defied the actuarial tables long enough to finish third at Los Angeles and fifth at San Jose, Calif. in the space of a month.

But when the winter tour got to Akron, Ohio for the tournament which is to bowling what the Masters is to golf, the game's Kiddie Korps, the young lions who have so dominated the game in the past four years or so, took one look at the \$100,000 in prize money and left the Carters and Fazos and Bluths—all the veterans, in fact, except Weber—trembling in their wake. Indeed, the winner, 23-year-old Jim Godman of Hayward, Calif., was the youngest in the

event's five-year history, beating by five months the record of the first champion, Billy Hardwick. None of the five finalists was over 30 (their average age was 27), but the fact that Weber gave chase as long as he did—he eventually finished sixth—was continuing proof that if Don Carter isn't "Mr. Bowling," then Dick Weber surely is.

In 1954, when Godman was a strapping lad of 8, Weber was invited to leave his position as a \$3,000-a-year Indianapolis mail clerk and join the Budweiser team, which boasted Carter, Bluth, Bill Lillard and Tom Hennessey, for a \$10,000 salary and a chance to earn five



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grand more each year in tournament winnings. Five years later the PBA was formed, and suddenly there was some real money to be made—by now nearly \$2 million in tournament purses. Weber, getting strength from God knows where—he packs 125 pounds on a 5' 10" frame; his legs are the size of an average man's arms—did brilliantly. Through early 1966 he had won 17 tournaments, a record, and taken \$250,000 in prize money, also a record. But somewhere along the way a couple of funny things happened. The first was that bowling was enjoying a boom and junior leagues were producing youngsters who learned the game quickly. There had been a dozen good tournament bowlers a decade before; now there were 40. "What it took Weber 15 years to learn," said Jim Stefanich, 27, the third-place finisher in Akron, "we picked up in three." Then the traditional wood pins turned into plastic, and the sharp hook which Weber and others of his generation had grown up with wasn't getting enough pins down. The youngsters were scor-

ing well with a straight ball, which required more muscle but less art.

"I got psyched," Weber said. "I went to the straight ball and for those three years I couldn't do a thing. People said I was too old, over the hill, too rich. They said I didn't care any more. But I still wanted to win. I was losing my mind."

Last summer Weber reverted to the hook—and he began scoring again. Through New Orleans, the last tournament before Akron, Weber had won over \$20,000 and at the Tournament of Champions came out on top in the 24-game round of medal qualifying. He felt good—the capacity crowds were behind him almost to the point of distracting him—and he was hungry, having gotten a sniff of the money in 1965 and 1966, when he finished second. Midway through the week he told a friend, "More than any other tournament, I want this one."

But in the 24-game match-play round, in which 50 bonus pins for a victory were added to actual pinfall, the admirable string bean began to sag. At the

end of the first eight-game block he had dropped to sixth and could not improve his position in the second eight-game session. But going into the final block he was only 128 pins out of fifth place and had a chance at the big money and even the title. His first three games were superb—259, 236 and 205—but he gained back only 30 of those pins. His fourth game was an impressive 224. However, Barry Asher of Los Angeles, not yet 23, threw a 248 at him and took away the crucial bonus points. Weber was through.

Meanwhile, the other youngsters had charged and the top five positions were filled by Godman, who had gone 8-0 in his last block, Dave Soutar, 29, Stefanich, Wayne Zahn, 28, and Don Johnson, also 28. With Weber on the sidelines as the alternate, the five finalists went at each other in a nice, neat way especially devised to fit into a nice, neat 90-minute television package: No. 5 vs. No. 4, the winner vs. No. 3 and so forth, in a series of one-game knockouts. After 48 games of relatively tension-free bowl-

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BOWLING continued

ing, all of a sudden there was some electricity. Some of the bowlers tightened under the pressure. Others, most notably Godman, did not.

The first game was no contest. Zahn, of Atlanta, opened with five strikes and defeated Johnson 258-193. Against Stefanich he kept right on going—until the 10th frame. To that point he had thrown 17 strikes in 21 frames. With Stefanich at 237, Zahn needed a spare and nine pins to tie, a spare and a strike to win. He got the spare, but on his last ball he "left a bucket," namely the 2-4-5-8, and lost by three pins, 237-234. That put Stefanich, the 1967 Firestone champion, against Dave Soutar, of Galroy, Calif., who left an awkward split in the 10th frame, did not convert and was a 227-201 loser.

Through all of this, Godman, a muscular 6-footer who throws the ball harder than perhaps anyone else on the tour, had been nervously waiting his turn, occasionally practicing on far lanes but more often checking the scoreboard. "I thought there was no way I could win," he said. "They were all bowling good. I knew I would have to throw a big game, like around 250, to beat Stefanich. I was also having a lot of trouble concentrating."

It was Stefanich, however, who seemed edgy as they hooked up. He spared the second, third and fifth frames before settling down, while Godman strung together seven strikes. By then the only question remaining was whether Godman would pick up an extra \$10,000 by rolling a perfect game on television. The string ended in the eighth frame when the 10 pin refused to fall, but Godman was a 266-228 winner and \$25,000 richer.

Godman has had a strange career in the PBA. He was its Rookie of the Year in 1965, but nearly had to quit the tour last summer because he was about to go broke. "I was down to my last \$1,000," he said, "enough for four tournaments. I didn't win anything in the first three, just enough in the fourth to keep me going." Then he got hot and wound up winning \$21,125 during the year.

Last week's paycheck solves any immediate financial problems, and at 23 his career is really just beginning. The Zahns, Stefanichs and Johnsons have their best years ahead, and all the old guardsmen can do is sit back and wonder why they were born too soon. **END**



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THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

It began as mere exercise, a discipline in the name of fitness, but then came a philosopher, maidens, serpents and the law to turn a run along the towpath into an exertion of the mind



by
JOHN CASEY

If you walk through any of the parks in Washington during the warmer months, you are likely to see apparently masochistic young men running by you, their faces sweaty, flushed and tortured, their mouths gasping avidly for air, their motley outfits flapping wetly against their legs and

backs as they heave along. Why do they do it? For future glory on the playing fields, you may imagine, for sport, for manly beauty, for Spartan well-being. But not—unless something is awfully wrong—for pleasure.

I thought so, as well. From my soccer-playing days I



remembered running laps, wind sprints and other devices of tedium and torture designed, it seemed at the time, to weed out the unenthusiastic. It is true that friends of mine, usually longer-legged and somewhat reedy, had described attaining a certain pleasurable trance while running long

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLAN MARDON

distances, but I had put them in the same category as people who sat through two consecutive showings of *Last Year at Marienbad*.

However, on a day a spring or so ago that I was spending in the country with my Army reserve unit, two sergeants appeared to give a lecture on physical fitness. They said that the Viet Cong could travel, trotting stealthily along in their tennis shoes, 40 miles a night. The sergeants invited us to run along with them for just a few miles. They set a brisk pace, littering their trail with us until they shed the last body before the three-mile mark. They still had enough breath to retrace their steps and insult each of us individually. I will not say it was cause and effect, but that summer I took up distance running through the parks near my house. First downhill.

Battery Kemble Park runs from Foxhall Road to MacArthur Boulevard for a distance of about a mile and a quarter, most of it parallel to Chain Bridge Road. The only disadvantage to running down through the park is that you have to climb back up. At that time running back up seemed out of the question.

I got into the habit of doing a mile and a fraction a day—faster and faster, but always downhill. There had been scarcely any pain. After a week I was emerging from my sylvan jaunts not breathing any harder than when I first kissed a girl good night.

I soon realized that this wasn't really a workout—I was just skimming the cream. At that time I was employed by a Congressman by day, studying for the bar exams at night and feeling very virtuous about my exercise between the two. But two things happened. First, the football players from American University joined me in Battery Kemble for their preseason conditioning. They ran down and back in football shoes. Second, I was reading A. J. Liebling on boxing and he informed me that one of the lesser boxers held down a full-time job, did gym work for three hours and ran five miles in Central Park. He did his five miles in 45 minutes. It was clear that my manager wasn't bringing me along fast enough. Between boxers, football players and the Viet Cong, the world was still too fast for me. So I started running back up. I was glad when the bar exams came, so I could stop. And yet there was . . . yes . . . a new pleasure in scrambling up the last hill. Part of it was that I could feel my thigh muscles spurring right out of my otherwise abundant flesh. But there was also a less Spartan and more luminous joy.

It was shortly after this that I hit upon the notion of try-

ing a level run, and the place I selected was the towpath along the old Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. I had no hint at the time, of course, that this late-afternoon run would turn out to be the climax of my career.

My sweat suit was still in the wash, so I put on old khakis over a pair of shorts. I treated myself to new wool socks that gleamed like golden cream in contrast to my sneakers, which were skillfully camouflaged dirt brown and held together with gray adhesive tape. I drove down to Chain Bridge. I climbed down the stairs to the towpath and hid my khakis under them. My plan was simple. I would run the 3¼ miles to Key Bridge and then trot up 34th Street ringing doorbells of friends until I found one who would drive me back to my car.

I breathed deeply, looked at my watch and sprang nimbly down the towpath.

The first spectators emerged from the woods onto the towpath in front of me after only a quarter of a mile. Lead-

ing them was a very pretty girl of about 24. Holding each of her hands were two small children and trailing behind them were a dozen others, both male and female. Third or fourth grade, I guessed. As I came within earshot, their teacher released her hands and herded them all to one side. "Oooh, children," she said, spreading her bare, pretty arms like a traffic-safety director, "look at that. A track star!"

"Yeah," one of the grumpy little boys sneered, "here he comes to save us in his Keds." The schoolteacher giggled.

Even my bar-exam-numbered brain realized that I was being fiercely put on. But the joke was on the coolly mocking beauty and her adoringurchins. By her voice and sleeveless Liberty blouse, I pegged her for Madelon '60, Smith '64, teaching at Potomac while she prowled Washington for a husband from the ranks of young lawyers and bureaucrats. And that was me. She could laugh all she wanted; she might have to marry me. Being a magnanimous sportsman, I blew her a kiss as I drew near. The little girls shrieked and grabbed their skirts. Their teacher, annoyed, twitched her pretty mouth at them and said, "Shh." There was a faint blush beginning just below her earlobes. Slowing down abreast of her, I said, "Madam, you have a lovely family." More little shrieks from the girls and cackles from the boys. One little boy, however, shouted fiercely at my bounding back, "She's not old enough to be our mother!" And, with just a catch of a pause, he added, "Stupid!"





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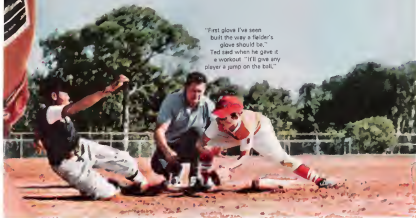
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"Jimmy!" the teacher said with just the right mixture of shock and affection. I was glad she had someone, though. Life is hard for pretty, bright girls in Washington. There are so many of them and so few of us.

After another quarter mile I looked back. They were wandering toward Chain Bridge. I could see no one in front of me, only a raw stretch of empty towpath.

It's a little depressing being able to see where you'll be after 10 minutes of fairly strenuous exercise, but there was a compensation in being by the canal. There is a hypnotic effect in running by flat, still water. It is deeply peaceful, especially in the light of a late afternoon in summer. There isn't a stretch of anything else in the whole city that is so level, so long and so straight. The air hanging softly over it was peaceful, too, trembling only occasionally like a billowed net held in place by spars of sunlight that stemmed from between the trees on the southwest side of the path. I was the only graceless movement. As I bobbed along through the lowest of these rays of light I imagined I could feel where they spotted my skin. It was the same imagined sensation—multiplied six or seven times—that one has going through the electric-eye beam in front of the door of the supermarket.

I ran for a while with my eyes turned to the left over the canal. I had been practicing a little auto-hypnosis. It helps to repeat to yourself seven times or so, "I am light, I am barely touching the ground, I am floating swiftly forward." It takes your mind off the ploddingness of it all. I succeeded so well that I was in a sort of trance. I began to think that if I suddenly swerved to the left I could run right across the water. It wasn't that it looked solid. On the contrary, everything was light. Beams, spots and layers of light. The canal was not deep; it was nothing but a surface—blankets of light, some dull and some splattered with pieces of sun, all laid jaggedly side by side for miles. The treetops projected against the sky seemed no more real than the slightly darker ones woven across the dusty golden water.

And I was nothing but a patch of bright movement. Without looking down, I still caught glimpses of my clean wool socks chasing each other over the dirt path. They looked like those pieces of reflection you sometimes see on the wall of a shuttered room which over-looks a busy street in summertime. It may be the outside mirror on a car or the front window of a bus that throws the bright spots up through the vents of the shutter, but the spots have an existence all their own as they skitter across the wall, grow long slinking around the corner and skim across pictures or curtains or onto the ceiling.

That was the way I was beginning to feel about my feet and the resplendent but darker canal. Skim right across. No trouble at all. "Why not try?" said the same voice that tells me to jump off high buildings.

I was saved from total immersion and its consequent lingering tropical diseases by a sudden gap in the towpath. I had to swerve to get onto a wooden footbridge that crosses a small ravine. And at the other end of the footbridge there was a body.

It was a man, face down, his hands tucked under his belly. I finally managed to derail myself about 15 yards beyond him. I turned around, still jogging, and approached.

"Hello!" I said in a loud voice. Nothing happened. I stood still a moment. "They'll blame it on you," said my small voice, probably irritated at not having landed me in the canal. I rolled the man over by his shoulder. "Fingerprints," said the voice.

The man's face was bright pink on the top half and white stubble on the bottom. He didn't move. I was feeling for his pulse when one eye opened.

"Awright, a short nap," he said clearly, although all that seemed to move was the one eye.

"Sorry," I said.

"Perfectly all right," he said, opening his other eye. "Ah, my friend," he continued, "you look old enough to wind a chronometer..."

"What?"

"... but all in good fellowship, let

continued

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THE RUNNER *continued*

me tell you as one who has seen. . . He stopped and closed both eyes. I stood up. " . . . As one who has seen," he said, "the best and the worst. Don't sign the ticket." He opened one eye.

"What?" I said again.

"Never sign the ticket. All the little redheads. All the little blondes. All of them. All of them, my friend." He sighed deeply. "Never sign the ticket. Squeeze them. Fiddle them. Caress them. Kiss them. Even beat the hell out of them. But never. . ."

"Sign the ticket," I said, anxious to be on my way.

"That's right!" he said, opening both eyes with delight at my aptness. He started in again. "I've got to go," I said.

"Perfectly all right," he said, "perfectly all right. Unless by chance you have the kindness to offer me"—he closed his eyes—"a free sample of the coin of the realm."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said.

"That's perfectly all right, my young friend," he said, his eyes fluttering open once more. "You are a connoisseur of the protocols. I am a connoisseur of the vicissitudes." As he whistled the last word his eyes opened all the way to the deep red moats that surrounded them.

I was a little sorry to leave when he was just getting warmed up, so I turned and waved back after I had trotted off a few steps.

"Very good," he said loudly. "Keep running. Keep running—that's what keeps the world spinning. All that running on it."

As I ran along, the spires of Georgetown University appeared high on my left. The spires used to remind me of Cardinal Richelieu, because as a child I used to think that he lived there. Nowadays I can never see them without also thinking of the munsignors who do, and who, strolling slowly to and fro in their soutanes, wish that he really did.

I was clapping along at a good pace, so caught up with my vision of government under the red cloak ("Today Georgetown. . .") that I was startled to see two mules advancing toward me along the gentle curve of the towpath. Beside them was a muleteer and behind

them a large barge with a peaked, striped awning.

As I approached it, the awning passed in front of a big overhanging tree, and the light came down on the canvas slope in little pieces, as though it were shaken like raindrops from among the leaves. They were unsteady little patches, trembling around the edges. I watched them flutter off the back of the awning onto the bright water, which was dulled by the wake of the barge. Like a hand flattening ruffled velvet.

I swerved onto the grassy fringe of the path far away from the mules. I thought mules might bite.

On board there was a cocktail party. Forward, a full-bellied man in a colorless summer suit leaned across the railing and pantomimed offering me a drink. The girl beside him laughed excessively, clutching her gun and tonic to her, her curled fingers against her breastbone, the top of the glass right under her chin.

They were all there—all the little redheads, all the little blondes and all the little brunettes—standing slowly under the awning in unmissed linen sheaths, bright green and pink and cream. Some of them stood with their long legs stretched out straight, their knees locked in like retractable landing gear so that there wasn't a bump or a curve on the whole leg. One blonde girl in the port quarter had her arm twined around a pole like bunting and was scratching the back of her scarcely discernible calf muscles with the top of her Mary Jane.

She smiled a beautiful white smile at me and held out a canapé of black caviar. She made an underhand tossing motion and raised her little lead eyebrows invitingly. I frowned seriously. She laughed from beneath her shiny hair, which spouted an opposing question marks from a part in the middle.

The girls were visibly superior to the men. The men were scarcely more than shadows, except for a brilliant tie or two. But even the girls didn't come close to those lovely Renoir women along a Renoir river. These elbows were too pointed. And you couldn't have painted these hips and bottoms with a sturdy brush stroke—it would have been an ex-

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THE RUNNER *continued*

agitation. You could have done each slender body with a pastel shaving. And the men with a sponge dipped in rinse water.

Having laughed, my blonde friend made a pretty pout just as we reached our perigee. Another second and we would never see each other again, but I felt I had a message for her. "Never sign the ticket," was perseverating in my brain. I growled at her, however, "The future belongs to the fit."

Another peal of laughter. Then she stuck her tongue out—three full inches of rose-red flesh. That was more like it.

But onward, onward. Onward into the fading light. And fading fantasy What I should have said of course was. . . . Never mind what I should have said. I should have waded out to the barge, slung her over one shoulder and . . . but I still had more than a mile to go and more than enough pink flesh of my own to carry.

Just before I reached the bridge I saw a fisherman on the opposite bank. He was a tall Negro dressed in Army fatigue pants and an OD Eisenhower jacket. When I was 13 I spent almost a whole week fishing in the canal. I thought I should convey the results to him.

"Hello!" I shouted. "There aren't any fish in there. You'd better go over to the river."

"Heh, heh," he said, holding up a string of four fat fish.

"They must have stocked it," I said, not quite so loudly.

"Heh, heh," he said again.

I jogged up the steps to street level.

My eyes were suddenly assailed by a battery of headlights sweeping off M Street onto the bridge. Along the street there were still some old-fashioned globe street-lamps on their 10-foot Corinthian pillars of ornamental iron painted municipal gray, but mostly there were the new-fashioned arc lights—the kind that turn red lipstick purple. They perch on the curb like praying mantises and hover their electric mandibles 15 feet over the roadway cutting off the sky. Very insectlike and ominous.

I caught the traffic light on the run and crossed over to trot up the other side of M Street in the gutter so I would not have to weave through mere pedestrians. I got a few strange looks, but not as many as when I began to ring doorbells on 34th Street, jogging in place on the front stoops while I listened to the distant unanswered ringing.

I condemned the whole lot of my friends as useless gadabouts. Not one was in. I finally found myself marking time in front of 1606 34th Street, which is about six blocks up the hill. I felt a little silly. Also betrayed. Even if you don't phone ahead you expect people to know you're coming. All the more so if you're run the whole way. I sighed and started back. I nurtured the illusion of a second wind, like a man lighting a cigarette with one match on a windy day. I trundled down the hill to Key Bridge. The brightness of the intersection still gave me a shock. I skipped across, breathing through my nose. I thought that would filter the exhaust fumes better. The real shock, however, came when

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THE RUNNER *continued*

I finished threading myself down the narrow spiral stairs. It was dark down there. I could practically lean on the blackness. After a while it was almost extraordinarily quiet. All I could hear was the crunch of my shoes on the dirt. That rather helped me settle into a rhythm, and, since I couldn't see my feet land, I achieved a floating sensation without going through the usual liturgy. I began to imagine that the darkness wasn't resisting me anymore but that, having accepted me, it gave way before me and even squeezed from behind, making a favorable current. I was happy to graduate from mystic biology to mystic physics; I imagined that I was being helped by a pre-Einsteinian ether drift. It got so good that I even began thinking of the towpath as one of those old-fashioned vacuum tubes that used to suck up sales slips to the money room and whoosh back a plush capsule filled with your change. I rattled happily along through the cooler air as though I were carrying \$2.17 (minus D.C. sales tax) back to a lady who'd just bought her first postwar hat at Julius Garfinkel's in the spring of 1947. There were plastic cherries on it.

While all this was going on, the moon climbed over the tops of the trees on the far bank. I saw that I was halfway to Cham Bridge when the light lit an old landmark—the skiff that once was used as a ferry across the canal. I also suddenly felt like walking. I slowed down a little and peered ahead, trying to see the retaining wall and the footbridge. There was a rustling under the bank just ahead of me and then a peeping and scurrying. Three long rats ran across the path in front of me and disappeared into the woods. I spurred ahead. Even when I slowed down again I still would prance skittishly back to the middle of the path if I drifted to one side or the other. I began to think of all sorts of venomous things—rabid dogs lying in wait, red-bellied swamp spiders, copperheads, Gila monsters. It was as bad as the d's, but it kept me on my toes. After a period of five minutes or so during which I continued unmolested, I settled down again. I settled down so completely that

I nearly stopped. I began to inquire whether it were possible for there to be a third wind. Glancing down at my feet, I saw my new socks passing mysteriously over the ground like determined ghosts. Encouraged, I thought, yes—any minute now. There was an ache in my right shoulder every time I breathed. I agreed to take longer, slower strides, and it went away.

I checked on my feet, which were still stepping out confidently, still quite ghostly, and I felt something like a third wind. "I could go on forever," I said out loud for my benefit. But I was finally running with both slower and shorter strides—and very heavily—when I saw, some distance ahead, a light moving sideways. It was a car crossing the bridge. I cautiously postponed my final sprint for a dozen strides while I tried to figure exactly how far it was. Then, a little ashamed of myself for being so lazy, I stretched my stride and began, as they say, my kick. Ah ha! I thought bravely—there's lots left. I ran so that I could hear the wind in my ears, but the bridge and I seemed to be getting no closer. I ran harder, my mouth open and my eyes watering. "I could go on forever," I thought, this time in despair. Then, compassionately, the bridge jumped to a reasonable distance, and after a few more tortured seconds I thudded past the bottom of the stairs. "Vie-toire," I said, and breastst the tape.

I turned around and shuffled back. I found my long pants, unrolled them and started to put them on. I lifted one leg and fell down. Instead of sensibly staying on the ground, I kept getting up, lifting one leg and falling down. Finally I sat down on the steps and got the pants on. I pulled myself up the stairs and along the bridge railing, chuckling with modest pride. I tried walking without holding on and veered out to the curb and back to the railing. I sat down on the sidewalk for a minute, remembering to check for the car keys. I had just found them in my back pocket—the one that buttoned—when a car door opened in front of me. The door was white. The man who got out was dressed in navy blue.

"Hello there," I said, looking up very pleasantly.

The policeman in front of me bent down and sniffed. He called back, "He doesn't smell drunk." He said to me, "Breathe out."

I started to get up. He lowered his hand on my shoulder with a friendly pat. "Don't get up—just breathe, Charlie."

I breathed. He sniffed.

"I try to brush after every meal," I said. "But I guess I should try mouthwash, too."

He held my arms and used his flashlight to check them for needle marks.

"Better call in,"

he said to his friend. The driver blew into the microphone. "Pweh, pweh," he said. "This is car oh-seven, car oh-seven at point..." He leaned across the seat and asked us, "Where are we?"

"This is Chain Bridge," I said.

"Point A-5,"

my friend said.

"Why don't you just say the Chain Bridge?" I asked. He didn't say any-

thing. You would think that they'd like to talk to someone besides each other.

"Pweh, pweh, A-5. We've got an unidentified suspicious male; white, medium build, medium complexion, medium height..."

"I'm a shade over six feet," I said, "and I think that's a pretty boring description."

"Settle down, Charlie," my friend said.

"... in khaki pants and T shirt..." "It's a Pancho Segura tennis shirt," I said. "He is famous for his two-handed backhand."

My friend smiled. I smiled back. "Shut up," he said. I realized he was just grinning at the thought of shutting me up. I shut up.

"Do you have any complaints?" the driver asked into the microphone.

We sat around a while until the radio announcer said, "Brakh, brakh, oh-seven, oh-seven, negative."

"Well," I said, "there we are."

"What's your story, Charlie?"

"I was just running for the fun of it," I said, "and after seven miles or so I got tired. The Viet Cong can do forty. It's kind of incredible..."

My friend asked his friend what he thought. He didn't know. I decided that we would all probably get along better if I established myself as a man of property. "That's my car," I said, pointing.

My friend asked to see my license and registration. He walked to the car.

"I guess that's all right," he said in a moment, "but you're parked illegally."

"I'm not even on the street."

Then the driver backed the police car up to where we were standing.

"Aw, let him go," he said.

"He's parked illegally."

"I'll never do it again," I said.

"Don't let me catch you doing that again," my friend said. "And you'd better not run around at night. There are a lot of suspicious people around."

I didn't know if he meant me or him. I decided to ask him about it some other time.

He climbed back in the car.

"Sorry about the mistake, Charlie," he said, "it's just routine."

"That's perfectly all right," I said, "perfectly all right."

The next day I ran in Battery Kemble Park again. Except for being chased up a tree by a German shepherd, it was uneventful. The canal towpath is the true center for the social life of the long-distance runner.

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"But that's only the beginning. Because to get to where you want to go, you've got to *drive* and *push* yourself relentlessly. You've got to want to win so badly that the thought of coming in second is simply intolerable. And you've got to pay the price of winning.

"Paying the price, in anything you do, is spelled 'work.' Days and nights and years of work. And it's too bad that many men—men who are born with the basic talent—think of 'work' as a dirty word.

"But there's another angle to being No. 1. Getting there is tough enough. *Staying* there is something else. It is, in fact, a lot like being a gunfighter. Day after day . . . 80 grueling games a year . . . another hot young hand comes on to try you. He's watched and studied you ever since he was a kid. And he thinks he's ready to take you. And the fact is that if you let up for a moment, he'll do it. You lose that fine, competitive edge, mentally or physically, and you're dead.

"Forget about luck. You make your own luck. A year or so ago a prominent football coach put it pretty well. He said, 'There's only one thing I believe about luck . . . it's *unlucky* to be behind at the end of the game.' And that's what it's all about."

by Bill Russell



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This is the third in a series of special messages we are sending to all our own people. We ask them to put themselves in the customer's shoes—to make the customer No. 1—and to pay the price.

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National. The company that's willing to pay the price to make the customer No. 1.

Like the city itself, the railroad station at Fond du Lac, Wis., stands as a reminder of a time gone by. It sits on the edge of town, apart from the center of life, red bricks dirty and cracked, used now only by people who go to places like Appleton and Oshkosh and Neenah-Menasha. There are only two trains a day. The taxis operate without meters. A ham sandwich and glass of beer still cost 50¢.

Today, Fond du Lac lives largely on memories—even the annual county fair has lost its glamour. Its last excitement came in 1952, when the town raised thousands of dollars to support a faltering representative in the Class D Wisconsin Baseball League. Before that, there was the great fire of 1908, when three city blocks were badly damaged. And then, maybe most exciting of all, there were the Christmas holidays of 1899, when a unique assortment of local boys, calling themselves Company E, beat the Yale basketball team three games in a row and claimed for themselves and for their proud city the mythical title of world champions.

Fond du Lac was nothing more than a lumber town then—18,000 people over 800 miles away from the fineries of New Haven and the sophistication of Yale. The players themselves were all homegrown, brought together by membership in the state guard unit, yet each with his own manner of existing in the small community. Augie Buch, a guard, worked at various times as a bicycle salesman, as a bookkeeper and as a representative of the Ex-Cel Candy Company. Roy Rogers, a forward, served as assistant to an undertaker. And Al Brunkhorst, the other forward, was a bartender.

Yale's team, by contrast, was full of smugness, academic deities and a star player who seemed the prototype for Frank Merriwell. The Eli captain, Al Sharpe, was not only a top basketball player but an All-America halfback and a member of the Yale crew.

In that winter of 1899, Sharpe and his teammates were widely recognized as world champions and were scheduling games throughout the country on what

When Company E Beat the Elis

Fond du Lac's motley collection of scrubs was no match for the proud champions from Yale. So how come they won? By SKIP MYLENSKI

was advertised as "the longest trip ever taken by a United States college team." They agreed to meet Fond du Lac only after efforts to schedule games with the Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin had fallen through.

By game time, excitement ran high in the Wisconsin city. Local storekeepers decorated their storefronts with signs welcoming the visitors, and the streets were hung with flags of Yale blue and white. The night of the first game, many of the 1,500 who crowded into the old armory and onetime soap factory arrived so early they carried homemade box lunches to help them survive the wait. As the Yale players filed into their locker room, the bashful belles of this suddenly sports-minded community goggled and argued among themselves over which of the Easterners was the most handsome.

Up to that time the only real trouble the cocky champions had faced was getting to Fond du Lac. They had left Pittsburgh early Friday evening after a notable victory, planning to be in Fond du Lac by midday Sunday. But, before it could get them even to Chicago, the B&O was delayed by two train wrecks on the tracks ahead of the Yale train, and it took a special favor from H. F. Whitcomb, president of the Wisconsin Central Railway, to deliver them to Fond du Lac for the opening game. Whitcomb arranged for a special three-car train—Engine No. 85, his private car and a passenger coach—to carry the team from Chicago. By the time the players struggled in, it was just 15 minutes before the scheduled starting time.

When, at last, Yale took the floor, the local crowd was shocked. Dressed in royal blue and white, the Easterners made their hosts look like ragamuffins. And dress wasn't all they had to offer,

their easy skill brought one observer to write, "Yale made the local players shiver in anticipation of a defeat. Baskets were thrown with the greatest of ease and in a style of tossing that the Fond du Lac players had never practiced." The only hope Company E held was drawn from a victory it had won three days earlier over Stevens Point. Then, as now, the visitors had warmed up in a flashy, impressive manner, only to be beaten badly in the game.

Yale, however, seemed headed for no such letdown. They were champions and they had done everything possible to foresee—and forestall—any extragame situations that might endanger their title. They examined the floor, which was often covered with wax for the dances that followed every Company E home game. It had been scrubbed clean. They even carried their own drinking water, assuring, they presumed, the health of their athletes.

None of this helped. After scoring on an opening free throw by Sharpe, Yale went for more than 16 minutes without a basket, while Company E ran off to a 9-1 lead. Company E's Rogers, Wisconsin's answer to Frank Merriwell (and Sharpe), scored seven free throws during this stretch and ended the game with a total of 17 points, as Fond du Lac beat the champions 27-18.

The victory was characterized more by muscle than finesse. It was eye-for-eye, brush-me-back-I'll-brush-you-back. Yale lost its starting guard, Charles Lockwood, when he fell and broke his left shoulder after a battle under the basket. Returning the compliment, but hardly as successfully, Yale managed to commit 21 personal fouls, most of them for "holding" and "holding and tackling." It was in many ways like a mild game of touch football. The bas-

continued



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Company E continued

ketball floor became a wrestling ring as well. "Yale players were given an opportunity to do just as much playing as they had been used to buck East," a local paper reported. "The Fond du Lac boys are just as apt at that kind of playing as they are when proceeding according to the strictest interpretations of the rules."

Yale alibed quietly, claiming fatigue from the long trip and promising a better showing in the next round. In the days following they got little, if any, rest. Whitcomb took the whole team by train to Milwaukee, where its members spent the day as his guests. In Fond du Lac itself they were treated as celebrities, with people standing and staring at them wherever they went.

The day of the second game raised more excitement than the first, Yale had no excuses now, and everyone was anxious to see whether the Easterners were really champions, or just pretenders. By late afternoon people were lining up outside the Armory, again many of them carrying bags of food. They were to see a Yale team with a new and very simple strategy—a little less touch football, a little more basketball.

The system worked nicely as far as penalties were concerned, Yale cut its fouls down to nine. But it was somehow unable to score many baskets and, for the second time in a row, the so-called champions were humiliated by Company E, 27-6. The third game the next night was academic. Again the Soldier Boys won, 21-13, and a local paper, crowing loudly, reported, "The stem-winders have now gone back to their studies."

Fond du Lac was suddenly bathed in glory. Augie Buch and Roy Rogers were reportedly sought by Yale, but preferred to stay with Company E. The team itself was in demand, and before the end of the year it took an eight-game tour through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin. Its season record rose to 35 wins and only four losses. For a winter the once obscure Wisconsin town was the Home of Champions.

But, like the days of the crowded railroad station, that time is now gone. There was another tele for Fond du Lac in 1913, but never again has there been a time like those holidays of 1899, when a tattered band from a small lumber town beat the smugness out of Yale and became basketball champions of the world.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

CHARLIE SIFFORD

Sirs:

I caddied for Art Wall in last fall's Kemper Open and Charlie Sifford played with us the first two days of the tournament. I never knew or really understood the added pressure on Sifford until I read William Johnson's superb article. Thank you, Mr. Johnson, for opening up my eyes.

GARY S. LARRABEE

Danvers, Mass.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your story on Charlie Sifford and other Negro golfers. But it seems curious to me that Bill Stennis, who is sponsoring a Negro golfer to the tune of some \$15,000 a year, was not identified as a Negro. My point is this: the Negro is fully identified when it comes to poverty and problems. But he is not properly identified when it comes to wealth and success.

The lack of the balanced view of American Negroes is dangerous, shameful and harmful. Both blacks and whites need to know more about successful Negroes. Bill Stennis is a success in the fried chicken business because he has an excellent product and because he is a smart businessman.

A. S. (Doc) YOUNG

Hollywood

Sirs:

I admire a man like Sifford, who knows what he wants out of life and, through courage and determination, has made it for himself through professional golf. However, the last sentence in the article, "Nothin' ain't ever as good for a black man as it ought to be," made me sick. I would say, "Anything can be as good for a black man (or any man) as he wants it to be." Maybe Charlie has never heard of that basketball player on the cover of *SL*, with the caption "The Million Dollar Finish" above his head. Maybe that ain't as good as it should be. How about "The Two Million Dollar Finish"? And that picture of Charlie holding a \$20,000 check. All right, Charlie, I'm all for you; you've worked hard and deserved to win. But my father has worked hard farming all his life and has seen rough times also. How many \$20,000 checks do you think he's ever held? Not too many. I don't think that's as good for him as it ought to be, either.

BILL BANGSTON

Maryville, Mo.

LEW

Sirs:

May I congratulate you on your March 31 cover? For this is what sport is all about:

Low Alcindor's smiling face shows the happiness of man when he has reached the ultimate in his sport.

JULIE BOND

San Diego

Sirs:

I have calculated Low Alcindor's high school and college won-lost record.

Power Memorial High School: 95-6

UCLA: 108-2

Total: 203-8

Can anyone else duplicate that record?

J. J. TUNEAGA

Milwaukee

UNCOMMON UNDERSTANDING

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate Robert Cantwell on his article, *The Ultimate Confrontation* (March 24). He appears to have no axe to grind with anyone, no undercover motive in his story and an uncommon understanding of the factors involved in this matter. He appears to be concerned only for the good of all. And that makes him rare today.

The article was excellent.

GEORGE S. OCHSNER

Engineer

Getty Oil Company

Midland, Texas

Sirs:

Robert Cantwell mentioned a Sandy Smith who claimed to be the discoverer of an oil lake in the Arctic which led the Navy to set aside an oil reserve. I knew him personally and his full name was Alexander Malcolm Smith. He was in his late 70s when I worked for him on a prospect drill in Atlin, British Columbia during the summer of 1936. He was in excellent physical shape and could walk the legs off a much younger man. He lived in Juneau, Alaska many years and made this his base for a number of promotional ventures. He was a colorful fellow, a fastidious dresser and had no trouble attracting the fairer sex. I believe he fathered a child in his mid-80s. His tall tales were sometimes hard to believe, but your article brings out one of his stories as the truth. I recall that Sandy was a member of the Explorer's Club in New York. He passed away in 1958 at the age of 99.

ARNOLD J. ELIOTT

Fairbanks, Alaska

Sirs:

Robert Cantwell presents a vital prologue to what can be seen as a test of man's feelings toward the natural environment. No less than the variegation of life and the unique

continued



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SI can be applauded for having presented the case.

JERRY LONG

Providence

Sirs:

In the same mail that I received the March 24 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* with your article *The Ultimate Confrontation*, I also received a tape recording from my son, who teaches school in the interior of Alaska. In it he tells of flying over that great scar made by the winter road and the disregard the truckers have for other peoples' property. He also speaks of the stories told by the copter pilots of shooting caribou and bear with pistols as they fly back and forth.

I just wish more people would realize what the oil industry is doing to our last frontier, the only area left where our young people can learn what it is like to be a pioneer and hunt and fish in the wilds.

JAMES I. HAMILTON

Brewster, Wash.

HIT SEASON

Sirs:

The article on why hitters may do better this season (*From Mowatt to Molehill*, March 24) is a good one, as far as it goes. I am certain there will be more hitting this year than last, but not because of any change in the mound. Changing the strike zone may help, but the most important factor will be expansion. The last time the majors expanded, in 1961, Roger Maris hit 61 homers, Mickey Vernon 54 and guys who never had much of a batting average (like Norm Cash and Elston Howard) were up above .340. Expansion is the key to more hitting because it means thinned-out pitching staffs. Guys who would normally be hurting for Triple A teams are going to find themselves in the majors in 1969, and the hitters are going to love it.

This, of course, works both ways. There are going to be some major league hitters in the big time, too. But, generally speaking, expansion means more hitting. At least it did in 1961.

DAVE HEERIN

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sirs:

We were pleased to see the pitching mound developed by our company pictured in Bill Leggett's article. However, we were a little distressed to have it referred to as "a 15-inch plastic slab" and to see Dave Gault of the Cardinals standing on it in his cleats.

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10TH HOLE *continued*

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C. J. GOTTHARDT
Sales Manager
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Plainville, Mass.

BIG MIDGETS

Sirs:

Concerning your article on the Astro Grand Prix midget races held recently in Houston (*Fear La'! Midgets, Texas Style*, March 17), did you know that driving a midget is considered the most challenging of all oval-track racing? To succeed on the dirt in a midget, you must keep your reflexes sharp and possess the utmost in control. In short, it separates the men from the boys. The championship, of course, cannot be decided in one or two races; it must be decided over the span of an entire season. You seemed to have felt that because of the inferior condition of the track the races should have been canceled. Really, now.

By the way, you apparently didn't know that all the drivers entered in the Astro Grand Prix had to have finished in the 1968 USAC midget point standing. I don't believe that they appreciated being called "burnstormers from another circuit."

R. L. MASON

Chicago

RUIDOSO RICHES

Sirs:

You mention in SCORECARD (March 17) that Suffolk Downs will run the richest and longest turf race in history. However, we still claim the richest horse race in the world, the All American Futurity, run at Ruidoso Downs. The purse was more than \$600,000 in 1968, and in the near future it will probably top \$1 million.

We wish to thank your fine publication for the great coverage it has, but we could not resist pointing out our facts.

DON B. STARK

Ruidoso, N. Mex.

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